THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XI. NO. 41 CHICAGO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1892. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

AT REST.

All That Was Mortal of the Good and Charitable John J. Fitzgibbon Laid to Rest

In the Presence of a Large Circle of Sorrowing Relatives and Friends.

The funeral obsequies of the late John J. Fitzgibbon, president of the Calumet National Bank at South Chicago, took place last Monday morning. The remains were conveyed from his late residence to St. Patrick's Church, South Chicago, where Requiem Mass was solemnized by Rev. Father Van de Lurr, assisted by Rev. Father O'Sullivan, who was a school mate and a warm personal friend of the deceased. During the mass the choir rendered very beautiful music, singing "Nearer My God to Thee" and other hymns. After the mass the Rev. Father O'Sullivan preached the funeral sermon taking for his text the words, "Oh death where is thy sting; oh grave where is thy victory." He spoke on the uncertainty of life, the immortality of the soul and the triumph of the Christian in the future life. He traced the deceased's early struggles to obtain an education; showing how he triumphed over all obstacles and graduated with high honors from Notre Dame university. He gave an outline of his life from that time down to the present, showing that though he had made a success in life, he was always the same genial gentleman, ever ready to relieve distress and to minister to the wants of the needy. He paid a high tribute to his worth as a man and citizen, showing that while he was a strict Catholic, he never forced his religious views on others. The Rev. Father referred to the deceased as a man of truth, honesty and patriotism as an Irishman and an American; dwelling largely on his life long efforts in aid of his native land. Though born in Ireland no native-born American surpassed him in his love for the land of his adoption and his veneration for the stars and stripes. His thirst for knowledge was marvelous, taking high rank with the most learned men of the country.

He referred to Mr. Fitzgibbons' great lectures, one at Notre Dame University, in the year 1876, on "Religion the basis of Education," and another one in Chicago on "Sculpture and Art," these lectures demonstrated the full power and great depth of his mind. The Rev Father paid a glowing tribute to his pure mind and loftiness of sentiment. A loving and devoted husband and a tender and affectionate father, and a man dearly beloved by a very large circle of friends. He predicted for him happiness and glory in the future life. Father O'Sullivan was deeply affected, and several times filled with tears as he portrayed his virtues; indeed, it was with some difficulty that at times he could proceed. In the audience there were many who shed tears over the loss of a sincere and warm friend.

At the conclusion of Father O'Sullivan's remarks the funeral cortege moved to the Illinois Central depot, taking the 11:10 train to the city, and from there to the Northwestern depot, and thence to Calvary cemetery, where the interment took place.

The clergy present were Rev. Fathers Van de Lurr, O'Sullivan, Gilles, St. Mary's; Waldron, Byrne, Ratz and Murphy. Prominent citizens present from South Chicago were J. B Eberhart, P. O'Sullivan, Roger Powers, George Uebele, Daniel J. Deasy, Joseph Walters, Daniel Deasey, C. G. Dowling, M. C. Sloan, Charles Massey, James M. Laughlin and others.

The pall bearers were John Birmingham, John E. McMahon, Thomas Dillon, C. G. Dowling, John M. Carroll, E. Quinlan, Frank Kinsella and Charles Massey.

The honorary pall bearers were Hon. John F. Finerty, Hon. W. K. Sullivan, of the *Evening Journal*; M. W. Kirwin, Maj. W. C. McClure, Dr. John Guerin, Owen Murray, Frank Agnew, Timothy Dorsey, Col. P. J. Hennessy, M. W. Ryan, Patrick Cavanaugh, P. McHugh and T. O'Neill Russell.

John Cunnea and sister and many relatives of Mrs. Fitzgibbon, were present from Morris, Ill., to pay the last sad rites of respect to their deceased friend and relative.

The Very Rev. Thomas Walsh, president of Notre Dame University, came after the services were over and the funeral cortege had left for the city. The reverend gentleman was misled by the announcement that the services would be held at 10 o'clock, and he much regretted the fact that he came too late to look for the last time on the face of a man who was a credit and honor to his alma mater.

Prominent among the friends present were: Capt. Thos. Brennan, W. J. Hynes, Edward Dunne, J. M. Cleary, J. W. Enright, T. O'Neill Russell, P. McHugh, P. Cavanagh, M. W. Kirwin, W. C. McClure, John F. Finerty, Thomas Keeley, W. K. Sullivan, Thomas Dillon, M. K. Farrell, Philip Conley, M. C. Hickey, John Coffey, Thomas Kelly, P. W. Dunne, Col. P. J. Hennessy, Patrick Hennessy, Richard Hennessy, Thomas Hennessy, Thomas Dennehy, Owen Murray, Richard Walsh, P. J. Ryan, Jeremiah Murphy, Maurice Crean, John S. Cook, Alexander Sullivan, Charles M. Brennan, W. W. Egan, John Clark, Michael McAuley, M. J. Dooley, J. W. Staunton, Dr. Flood, Col. James Quirk, John M. Carroll, John E. McMahon, Capt. William Buckley, M. Murphy, John Byrne, James Powell, John Collins, John Birmingham, Bernard Curtis, M. W. Ryan, ex-Ald. Ryan, John Dalton, Capt. M. Hayes, L. Buckley, Con. Coffey, M. B. Bailey and many others.

At the grave the prayers for the dead were recited, the body was lowered into the earth and quietly laid to rest.

BAD TO COME TO AMERICA.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 2.—Henry Lister, of the firm of Henry Lister & Son, the famous plush manufacturers of Huddersfield, England, who have been forced to come to the United States with their industry because of the McKinley law, is in this city making arrangements for the erection of a $300,000 plant covering eighteen acres at Jamestown. The firm has been in existence for forty-eight years and up to a year ago its United States sales amounted to $1,000,000. When the McKinley bill passed they saw it would cost them half a million to sell a million dollars' worth of goods and they gave up.

"Nearly 90 per cent of our entire output came to the United States," said Mr. Lister today. "When the McKinley law went into effect a depression seized the textile trade of England and we suffered with the rest. Our loss was over $400,000, for we had an immense stock on hand. We saw no hope for us in England and came here. Our plant will cover eighteen acres, and if the McKinley bill remains in force our factory will be doubled and we start work with 500 operatives, every one of whom will be an American citizen, and as fast as we can instruct others we will employ them until we reach our limit of 2,000 employes. We will have to train our labor, and practically establish a new industry here, but we are willing to do it. The machinery we will use will be made in this country from our own plans by American machinists. Of course there are several parts of machines which we use in our secret process which we will bring from England.

"The English factory will be closed down permanently in a very short time. We cannot do business there at a profit any more.

"In England we pay a warp dresser, or average workman, 24 shillings a week, or about $6. In America we will pay them $13.50. The unskilled laborer in England gets 18 shillings a week, or $4.50. Here he will get $7.50 to $9. Here the workingman gets just about twice as much. I know, too, from experience that eatables are much cheaper here. Meats, vegetables, flour, eggs, butter and cheese are much cheaper. The workingmen here live and dress better. The reason the sale of the textiles is so large in this country is because the American workingman has more money to clothe himself, his family and his home. Other textile manufacturers are preparing to come here, too. Frank Wilkenson, a lacemaker of Nottingham, has already started up in Connecticut, and if the McKinley law remains in force many millions of dollars in new industries will be forced into America from England."

SOUSA'S NEW MARINE BAND.

Sousa's New Marine Band began its initial tour Sept. 24 with a concert given at Plainfield, N. J., a little town that boasts of a large population of musicians and music lovers. The attendance was immense, and the band sprang into favor instantaneously, the opinion being unanimous that it far excels the famous old United States Marine Band in all material points. Encores were demanded for each selection, and the concert did not conclude until the hour of midnight.

There seems to be no variation in public opinion regarding the playing of popular music by first-class bands. It is the same in Chicago and New York as it is in Plainfield and places of like size. The Plainfield verdict may therefore be taken as a pretty sure indication that the new band has entered upon a long era of prosperity throughout the country.

The Blakely syndicate has been obliged to decline many requests to fill dates in various places, so great have been the demands from local managers. The first important engagement will be filled at the Auditorium, Chicago, during the week beginning Oct. 10. Then will follow performances at the grand reception to be tendered by the Chicago citizens to the President and distinguished visitors, and at other festivities incidental to World's Fair dedication week. New York and Philadelphia will be visited later on in October.

The concerts which begin at the Auditorium next Monday are exciting agreeable anticipations in the public mind. The band has met with surprising success in the cities visited since the tour began on Sept. 26 last, and the seat sale, which opened last Monday, indicates that the Auditorium season will be a great success. The scale of prices have been fixed at the extremely low rate of 50 cents, 75 cents and $1.

The following programme will be given at the first concert:

PART I.

1. Overture, "Semiramide".....Rossini
2. Ballet Music, "Faust".....Gounod
3. Spanish Divertissement.....Desormes
4. Grand Aria, "Evening Star" (Tannhauser).....Wagner

Signor Galassi.

5. March, "The Belle of Chicago".....Sousa

PART II.

6. Mosaic, from "La Cigale".....Audran
7. (a. Intermezzo, "Bal des Enfants...Jaxone
   (b. Moreeau, "A Dream After the Ball".....Czibulka
8. Motivo Militaire, "March of the Royal Trumpets".....Sousa

Introducing a Sextette of Egytian Trumpets.

9. Humoresque—The Cornetist, the Trombonist and the Stone Breakers.....King
10. Scene and Air from "Lucia".....Donizetti

Miss Marcella Lindh.

11. Patriotic Air, "The Star Spangled Banner".....Arnold

When catarrh attacks a person of scrofulous diathesis, the disease is almost sure to become chronic. The only efficacious cure, therefore, is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which expels scrofula from the system and the catarrh soon follows suit. Local treatment is only a waste of time.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XV.

The winter of 1846-7, and the succeeding spring, were employed in a series of utterly unavailing attempts to use the "Labor Rate Act," so as to afford some sensible relief to the famishing people. Sessions were held, as provided for by the act, and the landed proprietors liberally imposed rates to repay such government advances as they thought needful; but the unintelligible directions constantly interrupted them, and, in the meantime, the peasantry, in the wild, blind hope of public relief, were abandoning their farms and letting the land lie idle. For this I shall give a few authorities out of the mouth of the Conservative or British party. From Limerick we learn, through the Dublin *Evening Mail:*

"There is not a laborer employed in the county, except on public works, and there is every prospect of the lands remaining untilled and unsown for the next year."

In Cork, writes the Cork *Constitution:*

"The good intentions of the government are frustrated by the worst regulations—regulations which, diverting labor from its legitimate channels, left the fields without hands to prepare them for the harvest."

At a presentment session in Banagolden, after a hopeless discussion as to what possible meaning could be latent in the Castle "instructions," and "supplemental instructions," the Knight of Glin, a landlord of those parts, said that, "While on the subject of mistakes," he might as well mention—

"On the Glin road some people are filling up the original cutting of a hill with the stuff they had taken out of it. That's another slice out of our £450."

Which he, poor knight, and the other proprietors of that barony had to pay. For you must bear in mind that all the advances under this act were to be strictly loans, repayable by the rates secured by the whole value of the land—and at higher interest than the government borrowed the money so advanced.

The innocent Knight of Glin ascribed the perversions of labor to "mistake." But there was no mistake at all: digging holes and filling them up again was precisely the kind of work prescribed in such case by the principles of political economy; and then there were innumerable regulations to be attended to before even this kind of work could be given. The Board of Works would have the roads torn up with such tools as they approved of, and none other—that is, with picks and short shovels; and picks and short shovels were manufactured in England and sent over by ship loads for that purpose, to the great profit of the hardware merchants in Birmingham. Often there was no adequate supply of these on the spot; then the work was to be task work—and the poor people, delving Macadamized roads with spades and turf-cutters, could not earn as much as would keep them alive, though, luckily, they were thereby disabled from destroying so much good road.

That all interests in the country were swiftly rushing to ruin was apparent to all. A committee of lords and gentlemen was formed, called a "Reproductive Committee," to urge upon the government that, if the country was to tax itself to supply public work, the labor ought, in some cases, at least, to be employed upon tasks that might be of use. This movement was so far successful that it elicited a letter from the Castle, authorizing such application, but with supplemental instructions so intricate and occult that this also was fruitless.

And the people perished more rapidly than ever. No famine of '47 was far more terrible and universal than that of the previous year. The Whig government, bound by political economy, absolutely refused to interfere with market prices, and the merchants and speculators were never so busy on both sides of the channel. In this year it was that the Irish famine began to be a world's wonder; and men's hearts were moved in the uttermost ends of the earth by the recital of its horrors. The London *Illustrated News* began to be adorned with engravings of tottering, windowless hovels in Skibbereen and elsewhere, with naked wretches dieing on a truss of wet straw; and the constant language of English ministers and members in parliament created the impression abroad that Ireland was in need of alms, and nothing but alms; whereas Irishmen themselves uniformly protested that what they required was Repeal of the Union, so that the English might cease to devour their substance.

It may be in arresting to you to know how the English people were faring all this while, and whether "that portion of the United Kingdom," as it is called, suffered much by the famine in Ireland and in Europe. Authentic data upon this point are to be found in the financial statement of Sir Charles Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in February, 1847. In that statement he declares—and he tells it he says, with great satisfaction—that "the English people and working classes" are steadily growing more comfortable, nay, more luxurious in their style of living. He goes into particulars even, to show how rapidly a taste for good things spreads among English laborers, and bids his hearers "recollect that consumption could not be accounted for by attributing it to the higher and wealthier classes, but must have arisen from the consumption of the large body of the people and the working classes."

And what do you think constituted the regimen of the "body of the people and working classes" in that part of the world? And in what proportion had its consumption increased? Why, in the matter of coffee, they had used nearly 7,000,000 lbs of it more than they did in 1843; of butter and cheese they devoured double as much within the year as they had done three years before within the same period. "I will next," says the chancellor of the exchequer, "take currants" for currants are one of the necessaries of life to an English laborer, who must have his pudding on Sunday at least—and we find that the quantity of currants used by the "body of the people and working classes" had increased in three years from 254,000 cwt to 359,000 cwt, by the year. Omitting other things, we come to the chancellor's statement, that since 1843 the consumption of tea had increased by 5,400,000. It is unnecessary to say they had as much beef and bacon as they could eat, and bread *a discretion*—and as for beer!

So they live in merry England.

This statement was read by Sir Charles Wood at the end of a long speech, in which he announced the necessity of raising an additional loan to keep life in some of the surviving Irish; and he read it expressly in order "to dispel some portion of the gloom which had been cast over the minds of members," by being told that a portion of the surplus revenue must go to pay interest on a slight addition to the national debt. And the gloom was dispelled; and honorable members comforted themselves with the reflection that, whatever be the nominal debt of the country, after all, a man of the working classes can ask no more than a good dinner every day, and a pudding on Sundays.

One would not grudge the English laborer his dinner, nor his tea; and I refer to his excellent table only to remark that during those same three years, exactly as fast as the English people and working classes advanced to luxury, the Irish people and working classes sank to starvation; and further, that the Irish people were still sowing and reaping what they of the sister island so contentedly devoured to the value of at least £17,000,000 sterling.

As an English farmer, artisan, or laborer began to insist on tea in the morning as well as in the evening, an Irish farmer, artisan, or laborer found it necessary to live on one meal a day. For every Englishman who added to his domestic expenditure by a pudding thrice a week, an Irishman had to retrench his to cabbage leaves and turnip-tops! As dyspepsia creeps into England, dysentery ravages Ireland, "and the exact correlative of a Sunday dinner in England is a coroner's inquest in Ireland."

Ireland, however, was to have "alms." The English would not see their useful drudges perish at their very door for want of a trifle of alms. So the ministry announced, in this month of February, a new loan of ten millions, to be used from time to time for relief of Irish famine—the half of the advances to be repaid by rates—the other half to be a grant from the treasury to feed able-bodied paupers for doing useless work or no work at all. As to this latter half of the ten millions, English newspapers and members of parliament said that it was so much English money granted to Ireland. This, of course, was a falsehood. It was a loan raised by the Imperial treasury, on a mortgage of the taxation of the three kingdoms; the principal of it, like the rest of the "National Debt," was not intended to be ever repaid, and never can be; and as for the interest, Ireland would have to pay her proportion of it, as a matter of course.

This last act was the third of the "Relief measures" contrived by the English parliament, and the most destructive of all. It was to be put in operation as a system of out door relief, and the various local boards of Poor Law Guardians, if they could only understand the documents, were to have some apparent part in its administration; but all, as usual, under the absolute control of the Poor Law Commissioners, and of a new board, namely: Sir John Burgoyne, an engineer; Sir Randolph Routh, commissary-general; Mr. Twisleton, a poor law commissioner; two colonels, called Jones and McGregor, police inspectors; and Mr. Redington, under-secretary.

In the administration of this system there were to be many thousands of officials, great and small. The largest salaries were for Englishmen, but the smaller were held up as an object of ambition to Irishmen, and it is very humiliating to remember what eager and greedy multitudes were always canvassing and petitioning for these.

In March, Lord John Russell announced in parliament that, in view of the judgments afflicting her dominions, "Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to appoint a day of national fast and humiliation!" It needed no appointment of a day to make the Irish fast; and as for the English, the reader may wonder what they should fast for. But all this was to make an impression abroad.

In the new act for the out door relief, there was one significant clause. It was that if any farmer who held land should be forced to apply for aid under this act for himself and his family, he should not have it until he had first given up all his land to the landlord—except one quarter of an acre. It was called the Quarter acre clause, and was found the most efficient and the cheapest of all the ejectment acts. Farms were thereafter daily given up without the formality of a notice to quit, or summons before quarter sessions.

On March 6 there were 730,000 heads of families on the public works. Provision was made by the last recited act for dismissing these in batches. On April 10, the number was reduced to 500,753. Afterwards batches of a hundred thousand or so were in like manner dismissed. Most of these had now neither house nor home, and their only resource was in the out-door relief. For this they were ineligible if they held but one rood of land. Under the new law it was able-bodied idlers only who were to be fed; to attempt to till even a rood of ground was death.

Steadily, but surely, the "Government" people were working out their calculation; and the product anticipated by "political circles" was likely to come out about September in round numbers—*two millions of Irish corpses.*

That "Government" had at length got into its own hands all the means and materials for working this problem, is now plain. There was no longer any danger of the elements of the account being disturbed by external interference of any kind. At one time, indeed, there were odds against the government sum coming out right, for charitable people in England and in America, indignant at the thought of a nation perishing of political economy, did contribute generously, and did full surely believe, good, easy men, that every pound they subscribed would give Irish famine twenty shillings worth of bread; they thought so, and poured in their contributions, and their prayers and blessings with them. In vain! "Government" and political economy got hold of the contributions (of prayers and blessings neither government nor political economy takes any account), and disposed of them in such fashion as to prevent their deranging the calculations of political circles. For example: the vast supplies of food purchased by the "British Relief Association," with the money of charitable Christians in England, were everywhere locked up in government stores. Government, it seems, contrived to influence or control the managers of that fund; and thus, there were thousands of tons of food rotting within the stores of Haulbowline, at Cork harbor, and tens of thousands rotting without. For the market must be followed, not led (to the prejudice of our Liverpool merchants)!—private speculation must not be disappointed, nor the calculations of political circles falsified!

All the nations of the earth might be defied to feed or relieve Ireland, beset by such a government as this. Suppose America tries another plan—the ship "Jamestown" sails into Cork harbor, and discharges a large cargo, which actually begins to come into consumption, when, lo! Free Trade—another familiar demon of government—Free Trade, that carried off our own golden harvests of the year before—comes in, freights another ship, and carries off from Cork to Liverpool a cargo against the American cargo. For the private speculators must be compensated; the markets must not be led: if these Americans will not give England their corn to lock up, why, she defeats them by "the natural laws of trade!" So many Briarean hands has government;—so surely do official persons, understanding bookkeeping by double entry, work their account.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

CATCHING SMUGGLERS.

How a Lady's Beastfulness Enabled an Artful Dodger to Land $50,000 Worth of Diamonds.

Some Wholesome Advice to Persons Afflicted With "Touchy Stomachs."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 3.—The following story is a good one whether it is true or false, but it was vouched for by the captain of one of our most popular trans-Atlantic steam ships, and as so many people have been caught trying to smuggle goods during the late epidemic excitement, it is certainly quite apropos.

A lady coming from London, and who had picked up many dutiable articles, boasted constantly to her fellow passengers on the homeward trip that she had five hundred dollars worth of goods that she knew she should be able to get through the custom house without the slightest trouble. When the ship arrived, and the usual searching of trunks and searching of hearts commenced, a fellow traveler stepped up to the officer, and said "Do you see that lady over there?" pointing to the foolish boaster.

"Certainly, what of her?"

"Well I hate to give anybody away, especially a woman, but she has bragged all the voyage about the goods she is concealing—five hundred dollars worth, and I thought I would like to teach her a lesson."

"Very well, sir. I'll see to her case."

When the poor woman's time came her case was seen to, and in such a manner that everything she valued was taken away from her. Her ocean comrades enjoyed a good laugh at her expense, the laugh she had honestly earned by her foolish bragging. Two or three days after the arrival of the steamer this lady was visited by a gentleman whose acquaintance she had made on the voyage.

"Your pretty things were all confiscated I understand" he remarked.

"Yes," she replied with a burst of tears, "and somebody gave me away."

"I am the man;" her companion unblushingly responded.

"You? And you dare come here and tell me such a story?"

"Yes madam, and I now make good to you the amount of your loss. Here are your five hundred dollars. You see I found you an excellent tool. By diverting attention to you, I was enabled to successfully land $50,000 worth of diamonds. I am under great obligations to you for the freedom with which you made public your private affairs."

A western editor sent me the other day an order for some newspaper correspondence, with a request to omit the subject of tight dresses as his readers were mostly fashionable women who did not like to be preached to.

I obeyed orders, and talked about *loose* dresses when it was necessary to talk about them at all, and have so far received over a dozen letters from these same "fashionable readers" asking for hints and general advice on the corset subject. Isn't that a good joke?

Now I am not going to let up on these vital matters as long as I live and have a brain to work with and a hand to hold a pen. The woman who compresses her lungs and cramps her liver, and destroys her digestion by tight lacing, is going to hear from me, as well as the one who poisons her blood by means of arsenical cosmetics, and yet I solemnly affirm that I believe in beauty and consider it the duty of every woman to look as sweet and as pretty as possible. But let her employ legitimate means. The women who dress according to the Jenness Miller idea are sure to be well, and look well, unless they have permanently destroyed their health before they were willing to adopt a sensible costume. And here let me say that the *Jenness Miller Illustrated Monthly* and *Eleanor Kirk's Idea* have clubbed, and can be had for $1 per year by sending to this office. This is the price of the Jenness Miller magazine alone, and this generous offer has its origin in an ardent desire to help women to find the easiest and the healthiest ways of living. Two thirds at least of all the illness which they at present endure is unnecessary, and this will be practically proved by the combination of the literature above mentioned.

Our most trustworthy physician tells us to eat good food, beware of unripe, or over ripe fruit, and to avoid all alcoholic stimulants. They also recommend good beef to those whose stomachs are touchy, and care in regard to eating underdone wheat bread, or bread too recently made.

The term "touchy stomachs" is good, and those who have them know that they are about as hard to get along with as a touchy temper. In times of apprehension such as the present in regard to cholera, chronically touchy stomachs are apt to become acutely touchy, and the diet which in the past has been found fairly comfortable in its effect, will not do at all. Fruit and milk, and even the plainest desserts must often be given up, and well cooked beef and toast, or dry bread substituted.

But there are those who cannot take care of beefsteak, and to whom a piece of dry toast is almost as painful in its effect as an active poison.

Many wails from different parts of the country drift into this office, and the cry at this crisis is for some preparation of beef that is nutritious and assimilative. Beef tea is not only without value as a nutritive, but is actually harmful. The juice pressed from broiling steak is far better, though this is often a hard tax upon a delicate stomach. To get something that will nourish and build up without requiring much aid from the digestive organs has been a work of time and great study, but it has been at last accomplished by our cleverest scientists, and has resulted in what is called "A Perfect Food." This "Mosquera's Beef Jelly" is appetizing, comforting, and very nutritious, and as far as I have noticed is adapted to the needs of the most complex dyspeptic condition. It contains all the nourishment of the best beef, and is predigested—not in the ordinary pepsin manner, but by the wonderful pineapple juice process, which is so clean, so wholesome, and efficacious. This beef jelly can be found at any wide-awake drug store, and is put up in such shape that the traveler with a touchy stomach can refresh himself without the slightest inconvenience. Emerson has told us that "Nature is careless of the individual." This we have found to be true. But science is making up to the individual that which is refused him by nature, for there is no need in these days that is not anticipated by the knowledge which weighs and measures the qualities and functions of living tissues.

ELEANOR KIRK,
No. 698 Greene avenue.

IRELAND UNDER GLADSTONE.

Mr. Redmond's article in the *Nineteenth Century* is accepted as evidence that he and his small party have profited by the lesson of the general election, supported by the overwhelming evidence of the feeling of the United States. Mr. Redmond climbs down from his earlier altitude of implacable distrust of Mr. Gladstone's home rule projects, and defines his position in terms which show that it does not differ materially from that taken by by the McCarthyites. The Conservatives are beginning to see that the early promise of Mr. Redmond and his eight followers to assist them in wrecking the home-rule bill is not likely to be realized.

The Parnellite pronunciamento was accidentally followed by the issue of an address to Irishmen abroad, drawn up by the Nationalist party and signed on their behalf by Justin McCarthy. This is primarily an appeal for money, partly on behalf of the evicted tenants and partly for the sustentation of parliamentary forces. It authoritatively confirms the understanding of absolute friendly relations between the Irish party and the government. As Mr. McCarthy and his colleagues have pretty clear and detailed information of the lines of the bill to be introduced at the next session this public expression of trust and confidence in Mr. Gladstone is significant and important. The question of funds to maintain the political movement in a state of efficient action, as Mr. McCarthy puts it, is one that has long engaged the anxious attention of the leaders. The party is not now so absolutely dependent upon outside contributions as it was in its early history, when Mr. Biggar was Paymaster General and liberally doled out weekly wages to the Irish members. Candidates offering themselves at the general election were under no misapprehension on this score. They knew that the long and steady stream of gold from America had been stopped, consequent on Mr. Parnell's action, and that any man obtaining an Irish seat must be able to meet his own sessional expenses. This led to considerable weeding out of impecunious members and greatly raised the status of the party. Nevertheless there are expenses incidental to the campaign constantly incurred, and unless Mr. McCarthy's appeal is fairly responded to serious embarassment must follow. How the Redmondites manage to keep things going remains a mystery. The source whence during the general election they drew the money necessary to fight home rule candidates friendly to Mr. Gladstone was at the time shrewdly suspected. But the Carlton club will not find money unless services are rendered, and if Mr. Redmond finds it impossible or impracticable to harass the progress of the Home Rule bill at the next session he will be left to his own resources, which are not visible.

That Dear Old Word, Good-by,

Is a mighty sad one when it is the parting salutation between friends whom thousands of miles of salt water are about to separate. Mariners, buyers in foreign lands for heavy houses, commercial travelers who have made many trips across the stormy Atlantic, think little of an ocean voyage, but to the first voyager the initial trip is a momentous affair. Sea sickness is to be expected as a matter of course. How to prevent it? The finest remedy and preventive of the nausea provoked by the tossing of a vessel, the jarring motion of the screw of a steamship, or of a locomotive train, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, pronounced by sea captains, ship doctors, tourists, travelers and emigrants the finest stomachic and best defense against ailments of the bowels, digestive organs and liver in existence. Malaria, rheumatism, kidney trouble and debility are remedied by it.

Elegant Service.

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER XIV.

"Why sits the gentle maiden there,
While surfing billows splash around?
Why doth she Southwards wildly stare,
And sing with such a fearful sound:
'The Wild Geese fly where others walk,
The Wild Geese do what others talk;
The way is long from France, you know—
He'll come at last when South winds blow.'"

"Mavrone, that I should say it, Miss Marion, acushla—oh! my black and bitter woe that I should have to say it!—but 'tis worse and worse with him every day. May the good Lord make him change his ways, for we're in a bad way here entirely."

The white-haired retainer's eyes were moist with emotion as he gazed pityingly on the pale and worn countenance of his young mistress.

"Wirrasthrue!" he continued with trembling voice, "sure, 'tis scalding the core of my heart to see the state poor old Rappa is brought to, all through one of the old family—one of the old stock—to see everything going to wreck and ruin, to know that the whole place is mortgaged, that a Bourke cannot now call one square foot of it his own, and to see the master still running more and more to his ruination. Forgive me, Miss Marion, avourneen—forgive me. Sure I'd give my heart's blood any day for one of the family—ay, troth, even for Ulick Bourke—but I can't bear to see you pining away day after day, the color fading out of your cheeks and the light out of your eyes—to see you, avourneen dheelish, dying by inches before my eyes—I can't bear it, Miss Marion, as heaven is above us I can't bear it!"

The old man clenched his hands and spoke with an impassioned vehemence at variance with his wintry years. She laid a gentle, impressive hand on his stooped shoulder.

"Have patience, Dermot. Poor Ulick cannot continue this reckless course of life for ever. He shall reform—aye, trust me, sooner or later he shall reform."

"Lord speed!"

"We must get him to avoid his present associates, and then the rest is easy."

"Right you are, Miss Marion; the squireens are the ruin of him. Bad manners to the black-hearted spawn of Sassenach troopers, and to their seed, breed, and generation—sure 'tis they are the real lasting curse of Cromwell! Och, my blood runs cold when I see them coming about the place, and I almost expect to see the generations gone before you, acushla, come leaping out of their graves, to chase the vermin outside the bounds of Rappa."

"Hush, Dermot; here he comes."

"Aye, here he comes sure enough. He's up earlier than usual, but one doesn't want to be much of a scholar to read last night's doings in his face. Wirra, wirra! to think this is the little curly-headed gossoon I used to dance on my knee, and that his poor father—Lord be good to him—was so proud of! Well, well, may the saints make a change in him!"

The devoted old servitor limped despondently from the room, and Marion silently awaited the coming of her brother, as his unsteady footsteps came blundering down the old staircase.

Not many months had elapsed since her return with her invalided brother from Flanders. The deep wounds Ulick had received from Lindsay's sword had disabled him from resuming his place in his squadron of the Black Horse, and compelled him to return home a mere human wreck.

On his return to Rappa Ulick had suffered a serious relapse, being again and again on the brink of death. His sister tended him with the most devoted care and affection, but when he sufficiently recovered she had even a greater and more potent enemy to contend with than his illness—his vicious habits.

Poor, gentle, affectionate Marion! Never was the sterling quality of her nature displayed so well as in her patient, unwearying efforts to reclaim her erring brother. Earnestly and assiduously she strove to win him from his evil ways—and her every effort was rewarded with failure, rebuff and affront.

Not many months, we repeat, had passed since her arrival in the old home; but, short as that time was, it had effected a mournful alteration in her mien. Her pallid and worn features told of weary vigils, of a mind burdened with bitter shame and sorrow, a heart dull and sickened with care and woe.

How she sighed for the hallowed tranquility of the cloisters she had quitted, and longed to be back again in quaint old Ypres! Willingly would she have returned thither to receive the black veil of the sisterhood; but the sacred voice of duty showed her her place, by the side of her wretched brother, and her task, to reform and save him.

"Good morning, Ulick."

"Good morning, Marion—a very fine morning, indeed."

His attire was careless and even shabby; his face ugly with the tokens of intemperance; his voice husky and weak, but would-be nonchalant.

"Brother, you have violated your promise; you were at Grange last night."

"Promise, Marion—ah, I remember. Well, man is a weak animal, so excuse me, like a good girl. You know I mean to go in for a thorough reformation some of these days."

"Then the sooner the better. Brother, brother, this fearful course of life must be given up. The sin, shame, and disgrace grow deeper every day. You have dragged your honor and self respect in the mire for the sake of"——

"There, there, Marion! Don't preach at me this morning, for heaven's sake; my head seems splitting open, my brain is on fire."

"I wish you had taken my advice, Ulick."

"Your advice that is ever dinning in my ears. Curse it, girl, am I not master of my own actions?"

His bloodshot eyes, which had been fixed moodily upon the floor, were turned on her with a sullen, defiant air.

"Aye, master of my own actions," he repeated with a bitter laugh; "egad, you need not grudge me my independence in the matter, seeing I may soon be made master of nothing else. This old roof, you know, is passing from over our heads; it shall soon be ours no longer. The infernal vampires that have me in their clutches are already threatening to fling us out on the highway—to turn out the last of his race from poor old Rappa. Poor old Rappa! poor old home! poor gray desolate tower!" he murmured in half-maudlin accents, and, sinking his head on his breast, he fell into a gloomy reverie.

She regarded him in silent grief.

"Do you know, Marion," he exclaimed, suddenly jerking up his head, his blurred eyes dilating as if in terror, "that I believe a foul, relentless demon is driving and goading me on?—that the fiend governs my every action, that his merciless chain is around me, and that I move in the shadow of a black withering curse. Oh! if death bringeth peace, then would I were dead."

"Ulick!"

"Last night I saw a knight in black armor, with a raven plume, walk from one end of the armory to the other, and his eyes gleamed like burning coals through the bars of the visor. "You know the sign, sister: Rickard the Conqueror, whose appearance always bodes evil to Rappa. Why do I hear my name called in tones not of this earth when I walk in the dusk through the gray, silent chamber? Why have I seen—seen—that which my tongue shall never tell?"

"All fancy, brother—the dark fancy of the wine cup."

"Would it were!"

"For several minutes he remained silent, his face hidden in his hands, while she looked on him with anxiety and compassion.

"Courage, asthor," she said gently and soothingly; "degrade not the strong, dauntless spirit that is a nobler heritage to you than either castle or lands. Form your good resolution and trust me that staunch spirit that never knew weakness or despair shall well support you. Come, brother—be a Bourke."

"Strong, dauntless spirit," he repeated; "you dream, Marion. There is no such thing; it has decayed with the race, mouldered away like this old tower; nay, more, it is effete, vanished, fled for aye. The glory, the valor, the strength of our race has gone before us; the renown of the Bourkes has burned itself out; we are but the wretched, worthless residue—you and I, poor Marion—you and I!"

Comparing her thus to his miserable self he was scarce conscious—so obtuse had he grown—that his speech conveyed a slighting affront.

"Well, I may amend, sister. Who knows but I may soon turn over a new leaf? Bear with me, my colleen, and I may even accompany you to mass next Sunday. I see you can go openly now since the coming of the new viceroy. 'Tis nigh eight years since I read my recantation—ha! ha! but now I may well afford to relapse into the old faith; cursed little have I to lose now in being a papist! Levity aside, Marion dear, I mean to improve—I really do! Although your face is like a blessing in the old house, your wan and wasted cheeks are a reproach to me; and for your sake, colleen, for your sake I vow"——

He faltered and hesitated, but, taking advantage of his manifest frame of mind she hastened to suggest him a fit resolution:

"Vow to avoid that reckless, dissipated set—Edmondson and the rest."

"Ah, they are a bad lot, colleen—a jovial, devil-may-care crew; but for all that a bad lot, and I should be well rid of them."

"Promise me now that you will keep away from Grange to-night."

His manner showed some reluctance, but he suddenly struck the table with much vehemence and exclaimed:

"There—I shall not go!—and I stake on those words all the honor that is left in me, all the honor of the Bourke of Rappa!"

Very gay and hopeful was Marion during the whole of that day. Hers was not a heart prone to pining and despondency. A blith, buoyant, active spirit had she, that rose like a glad bird at the least word or token of kindness and encouragement. Her song rang merrily through the lonesome apartments, astonishing old Dermot, till she gladly conveyed to him the cause of her good cheer.

Still she could not repress an occasional sigh, as, looking out of the mullioned window at which she sat with her embroidery, she noticed how listless and heartless seemed the manner of Ulick as he moped about the courtyard below, how seedy and blasé he looked, how utterly out of his element. She felt how hard and dull he must find it to avoid his questionable associates, even for that one day, and fervently she prayed that he might have strength to keep his resolution.

She watched him as he patted the shaggy head of the wolf hound and feebly gesticulated and hallooed to the animal as it frisked in affectionate bounds around him, or sped in graceful, agile career over the lawn. He strolled out of her sight round a projecting gable, but she presently observed him in the garden, maintaining a slow, meditative walk to and fro, his head sunk on his bosom, his hands clasped behind him. Her eyes grew dim as she gazed upon him.

At length, when the sun had long passed Nephin, he reappeared on the lawn in front, and sauntered down the avenue, the dog bounding by his side. A strange apprehensive thrill shot through her heart as she lost sight of him in the greenish gloom.

Let us accompany Ulick Bourke.

On he rambled down the avenue, while the rays of the declining sun crept higher and higher among the golden foliage of the old oaks, till, leaving the bounds of his encumbered demesne, he found himself on the highway leading to Crossmolina. One look of guilty yearning he cast in the direction of prohibited Grange, and then he faced about to return, with a prodigious effort of his feeble will.

But now a hearty voice hailed him; a young horseman drew rein at the spot.

"Well met, Bourke, old fellow. How d—n shook you look after last night's jubilation! Tell you what, friend, if Bill Edmonson hasn't better stuff to put on his table tonight than he regaled us with last night, we'll cut him, sir—egad we will, as he deserves!"

"Ha, good evening, Vaughan. Surely you're not going up there so early?"

"Of course I am. Early, say you—but faith is it, at least to me, who am scarce two hours out of bed. Anyhow, most of the fellows are gone there already, and I find you lagging along like an unwilling schoolboy. Come, stretch out like a good fellow, or your chair shall be vacant at supper."

"I'm afraid, Vaughan, it must remain vacant tonight."

"How? You don't mean to say you're not coming!"

"Not this night."

"Oh, bosh! you know Captain Fenton promised to give you your revenge tonight, after clearing you out at lansquenet. Come along, then. I hope you're not short at rhine, but if you are, you may draw on me."

"Thank you, Vaughan; you're a good fellow; but I fear I cannot go."

Vaughan jumped off his horse and proceeded to use his powers of persuasion. The end of it was that he and the unfortunate master of Rappa set off together for Grange.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Do righneadh na linte leanas air phósadh fir óig agus mná óige bheanas le Cumann na Gaedhilge a New York. Thainic sinsear an fhir óig ó Chrich Mughorn i g-Condae an Déin, ann a bh-fuil na sleibhte d'a ngoirthear "Binne Boirche," dá bh-fuil Sliabh Donard an ceann is airde agus is deagh aithnighthe dhiobh.

A chailin na g-cuach órdha, go m-ba soibhin a bheidh tu
Le do bhunchaillin deas atá lán de ghrádh ortsa;
'S cho lionmhar sliocht Sheoirse air bhruachaibh na Hudson,
Le clannaibh a shinsear a ngleanntaibh Shléibh' Donaird!

A lanamhna pósda, go m-ba soibhin bhar m-beatha
A g-cam-shlithibh neamh-shona, neamh-chinnte an t-saoghail;
Go m-budh sonas a's saidhbhreas ann bhur bh-faradh a g-ordhnuidhe,
'S go soilisighidh grian cerraibh go d-tí deire bhur laetheadh!

Do thaisbean sibh sompla do dhaoinibh an Chomainn
Ba chéir dhóibh gan mhoill a's gan stad mór do leanmhuin,
Oir ní saorfaidhear Eire 's ní leathnóchar an Ghaedhilig,
Muna m-beidh gráidh dil ag a cloinn air a chéile.

Acht ná deunaidh mar righne cuid eile d'ár n-daoinibh,—
Ná tréigidh an Ghaedhilig a's ná tréigidh an Comann;
Oir nar eisean do thug sibh le chéile a d-tosach,
Nar eisean do lion dá shroidhe óga le luathghair?

A chailnidhe óga 's a threun fheara nach bh-fuil pósda
De chlannaibh na sean Gaedheal, glacadh sibh mo chéadhairle,—
Bainidh gan stad le Comann mór na Gaedhilge,
'S ní bheidh sibh tamall fada gan aithne air a chéile.

FINN.

frisked in affectionate bounds around him, or sped in graceful, agile career over the lawn. He strolled out of her sight round a projecting gable, but she presently observed him in the garden, maintaining a slow, meditative walk to and fro, his head sunk on his bosom, his hands clasped behind him. Her eyes grew dim as she gazed upon him.

At length, when the sun had long passed Nephin, he reappeared on the lawn in front, and sauntered down the avenue, the dog bounding by his side. A strange apprehensive thrill shot through her heart as she lost sight of him in the greenish gloom.

Let us accompany Ulick Bourke.

On he rambled down the avenue, while the rays of the declining sun crept higher and higher among the golden foliage of the old oaks, till, leaving the bounds of his encumbered demesne, he found himself on the highway leading to Crossmolina. One look of guilty yearning he cast in the direction of prohibited Grange, and then he faced about to return, with a prodigious effort of his feeble will.

But now a hearty voice hailed him; a young horseman drew rein at the spot.

"Well met, Bourke, old fellow. How d—n shook you look after last night's jubilation! Tell you what, friend, if Bill Edmonson hasn't better stuff to put on his table tonight than he regaled us with last night, we'll cut him, sir—egad we will, as he deserves!"

"Ha, good evening, Vaughan. Surely you're not going up there so early?"

"Of course I am. Early, say you—but faith is it, at least to me, who am scarce two hours out of bed. Anyhow, most of the fellows are gone there already, and I find you lagging along like an unwilling schoolboy. Come, stretch out like a good fellow, or your chair shall be vacant at supper."

"I'm afraid, Vaughan, it must remain vacant tonight."

"How? You don't mean to say you're not coming!"

"Not this night."

"Oh, bosh! you know Captain Fenton promised to give you your revenge tonight, after clearing you out at lansquenet. Come along, then. I hope you're not short at rhine, but if you are, you may draw on me."

"Thank you, Vaughan; you're a good fellow; but I fear I cannot go."

Vaughan jumped off his horse and proceeded to use his powers of persuasion. The end of it was that he and the unfortunate master of Rappa set off together for Grange.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

CRITICISES MR. REDMOND.

[To the Editor.]

Mr. John Redmond is an orator of the first class, but the mantle of Parnell—whom Frederick Harrison classed as one of the four great statesmen of Europe—has evidently not fallen upon his shoulders. There was a right of existence for the Parnellite party. They preserved their fidelity to their pledges and their chief, and they resented the scurrility of Healy and the avowed purpose to stamp them out. And there is an extremist section of Nationalists who do not place confidence in parliamentary methods, and who do not forget the disappointing nature of Gladstone's bill of 1886. Mr. Redmond and his friends had plenty of useful work cut out for them in the last twelve months. They would have discussed Home Rule in a statesmanlike way, and they would have taken special interest in political prisoners and evicted tenants. But let any of Mr. Redmond's friends deny that the Parnellite leader has failed—to take up the cause of prisoners and evicted tenants when Balfour was at the helm, and when it wasn't quite safe to do so. Let them deny that he failed when in New York, and the press was ready to publish anything he would say, either by voice or pen to explain the real facts of the revolt against Parnell and the true position of Parnellism. Let them deny that the Parnellites failed to take a sensible and generous view of their duty to the tenants in regard to the Paris fund. And let them deny that during the many months when a statesmanlike discussion of Home Rule was in order, and when people looked to the Parnellites for a statement of Ireland's real demands, Mr. Redmond failed to say or publish anything to the point. Nobody expects an independent opinion from the Healyites; because, by abandoning Parnell, they became Gladstonians and must accept and approve any scheme that the Liberal leader proposes. But now the day for discussion is over. No Irish leader has shown that he has any ability to grapple with a constitutional question or formulate an organic law. The most reasonable course for Ireland now to adopt is to accept Mr. Gladstone's measure, with such modifications of minor details as he will permit. Ireland—thanks to the inefficiency of her representatives—will have no real voice in the matter. But Ireland and Irish-America have a duty in the matter. Any friendly administration is preferred to Tory coercionists, and it is a cowardly and pitiful policy to nag and bark at Morley when Mr. Redmond did not venture to tackle Balfour. We recognise Mr. Morley as our friend, and we will not quietly allow him to be abused. We also recognise Balfour, the Orange faction, and the Tories as our country's irreconcilable enemies, and we cannot endure with patience that any Nationalist should ally himself with them or in any way help to play their game. The Redmond party should bear in mind that it is their interest, and every true Irishman's interest, to obtain some modicum of Home Rule. We are not sanguine that the coming bill will be entirely satisfactory, but we believe in evolution; and if Gladstone's measure gives Ireland a free path to develop her resources and substitute Irish for alien ideas in government and legislation, we will gladly accept it. Moreover, under Home Rule there will be too or more political parties contending for office. The Redmond party must wait their time; and, when Home Rule is an accomplished fact, they will have an opportunity to prove their title to be reckoned statesmen and patriots, without straining their record by alliances with the common foe. W.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

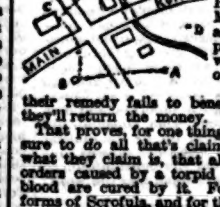
Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m. St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 8:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west northwest and southwest.

Mrs. Susannah Whitten, daughter of the late John Rowland, Esq., Drogheda, died in Dublin on Sept. 9. Her remains were interred in the family burial ground, Collon, county Louth.



It's a plan that proves something—but only the makers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery adopt it. It's a plan to give you what you expect, or take no pay. If, in any case, their remedy fails to benefit or cure you, they'll return the money.

That proves, for one thing, that it's pretty sure to do all that's claimed for it. And what they claim is, that all diseases or disorders caused by a torpid liver or impure blood are cured by it. For all the many forms of Scrofula, and for the most obstinate Skin and Scalp Diseases, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, and all kindred ailments, it is an unequaled and unfailing remedy.

It proves that the "Discovery" is the *best* blood-medicine, or it couldn't be sold on such terms; and the *cheapest*, for you pay only for the *good* you get.

And it proves, too, that nothing else, offered in its place by the dealer, can be "just as good."

Beware of spurious imitations or dilutions, at lower prices.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address, DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $35.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the finenes and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $12.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

SENSATION AT BUFFALO.

Dann, the Bank Wrecker, at Death's Door.

HE TRIED TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE.

Considerable Mystery Surrounding the Case, as Relatives and Physicians Combat Every Effort to Secure Information — His Case in Court Postponed for One Week—Not the First Time Dann Has Attempted His Life.

BUFFALO, Oct. 3.—Edward S. Dann, the bank wrecker, is lying at death's door at his home on Delaware avenue as the result of an attempt at suicide Saturday evening. Drs. Hopkins and Harrington, who are attending him, have grave doubts as to his recovery. He is unconscious and has been so for over twenty-four hours now. What method he choose for his attempt is not known. The greatest mystery surrounds the case and Dann's relatives and attendants combat every effort to secure any information whatever. It is said Dann took a large quantity of morphine and that all efforts to resuscitate h'm have so far proved unavailing. This is Dann's second attempt at suicide. It will be remembered that the night of his arrest he took twenty morphine pills, but the dose was so large it made him sick and he recovered.

The Case Postponed.

The trial of Edward S. Dann, ex-secretary and treasurer of the National Savings bank, on sixteen indictments for felony was to have begun Monday morning or to have been avoided by a plea of guilty. At 10:15 District Attorney Quinby said: "I desire to move the case of the people against Mr. Dann, which is set down for this morning."

"If the court please," said Mr. Hoyt, Dann's counsel, "I shall be obliged to ask that the case go over for a week. I have here the certificate of two reputable physicians to the effect that Mr. Dann is ill and unable to leave his bed." He then submitted the certificate of Drs. Harrington and Hopkins to the effect that his client is in a critical condition. No objection was made by the district attorney, and Judge Titus postponed the case for one week. The cases of Dann's accomplices, Armstrong and McCredie, were then called. "I next desire to move the case of the people against Armstrong," said Mr. Quinby. Attorney Kisselburg for Armstrong objected to this on the ground that the presence as a witness of Mr. Dann might be an imperative necessity for his client's defense and for that reason he desired the case similarly put over until Mr. Dann's recovery. The request was granted.

McCredie's Case.

The case of McCredie was next moved and his attorney, Tracey C. Becker, also made application for adjournment, presenting certificates from physicians that McCredie is suffering from chronic alcoholism which has so impaired his mental faculties as to prevent his being able to make defense in a legal proceeding. Counsel desired a postponement for an indefinite period until McCredie could improve and asked that the case be put over the term. The district attorney objected and Judge Titus postponed the case for one week. Dann's alleged attempt at suicide has created a great sensation. His physicians are reticent and non committal with regard to the cause of his illness, and his counsel hints at apoplexy but from all that can be learned there appears to be no doubt that Dann attempted to take his life in preference to an almost certain imprisonment for what would be to a man of his age a life term.

Dann died at 7 o'clock Monday evening.

IRONWOOD MINE HORROR.

One of the Men Rescued Alive—Small Hope for the Others.

ISHPEMING, Mich., Oct. 1.—A dispatch from Ironwood says that one man, a miner named Abraham Thompson, was rescued alive from the fated Norrie mine at 10 o'clock Friday morning. He is uninjured, but was so fearfully scared by his thirty hours' imprisonment that he can scarcely speak. He was in a "room" by himself and does not know where the other ten men were.

Rescuers in Danger.

It is feared that they were in another "room" adjoining and that all perished, carried down to destruction by the enormous fall of rock and ore. If so, even their bodies will not be found. A drift forty feet long, through rock and ore, has already been driven by the resolute party. The men working in this part are themselves in great danger, the ground in which they are working is likely to start to run at any time, overwhelming them as well as the unfortunate ten whose life or death is now a matter of conjecture.

The Ironwood Mine Horror.

IRONWOOD, Mich., Oct. 3.—Rescuing parties at work endeavoring to save the lives of the men carried down with crash of timber and ore at No. 8 shaft of the Norris mine Thursday morning, came upon five of the victims Saturday noon. They were horribly crushed and their death must have been instantaneous.

Run Down by a Train.

KENT, O., Sept. 29.—Fred Wooster, owner of a beer bottling establishment, and Louis Hulm, owner of a wagon shop, were instantly killed at a crossing in this city by the Erie express. The engine struck their wagon, demolishing it and throwing the two men fifty feet. Both bodies were badly mangled. They were prominent citizens and leave large families.

Mrs. Harrison About the Same.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28.—At the White House it is stated that Mrs. Harrison is about the same, that she passed a comfortable night, took the usual amount of liquid nourishment and is resting easily. But few visitors were at the White House Wednesday morning, and the president received only ex-Congressman Pierce of Indiana for a few moments.

Freight Rates To Be Advanced.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 29.—On Oct. 10 the Central Traffic association will make an advance in rates to New York from Chicago and St. Louis as follows: On live hogs and packing house products, 30 cents from Chicago, 35 cents from St. Louis; on grain and grain products, 25 cents from Chicago and 29 cents from St. Louis.

Exciting School Election.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—A special to The Tribune from Faribault, Minn., says an exciting school election has just occurred there. The Faribault plan was, of course, the leading issue. The old board, which favored the scheme, was defeated by 300 majority in 1,000 votes.

CONSTERNATION AT HOMESTEAD.

Members of the Advisory Board Arrested Charged with Treason.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 3.—Detectives Friday night arrested in Homestead Thomas Crawford, George Rylands, T. W. Brown, John Dierken and W. H. Baird on an information sworn out by County Detective Beltzhoover, charging them with treason against the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The information was sworn out before Justice Paxton of the supreme court and charges thirty-two residents of Homestead, including the advisory committee of the strikers with treason. The informations says the accused did on July 1 and divers other times excite insurrection, rebellion and war against the commonwealth and defied its laws. The five men arrested Friday were brought to Pittsburg and lodged in jail.

Great Indignation.

The wholesale arrest of the members of the advisory board on the charge of treason has spread consternation among the locked out men. They do not even now fully understand and are in a more hr less dazed state. It is already noticeable that those residents of Homestead who heretofore took no active interest in the existing trouble are loud in denunciation of the act resorted to by the Carnegie company. They denounce the charges as ill-advised, unwarranted and untenable, and through it claim to discover in what desperate straits the company is and claim to believe the purpose is to intimidate the lockedout men and cause a general stampede.

Deputies on the Watch.

It is believed here that the result will be but to solidify the ranks of the men and arouse general sympathy with those who are now considered the victims of persecution. The search for the members of the advisory committee was in progress Saturday morning. A number of deputy sheriffs are on the watch for the parties not yet in custody, but up to the hour of noon no additional arrests had been made. The usual Saturday meetings of the locken-out men took place as usual in the afternoon.

NO CHOLERA IN NEW YORK.

The Bohemia's Passengers To Be Landed on Hoffman Island.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—The health board reports no cholera in this city. Wednesday night there were two suspicious deaths from symptoms resembling those of cholera. They are being investigated, but as Dr. Wilson, the chief of the health board, says, they will doubtless turn out to have been caused by acute cholera morbus.

The Bohemia's Passengers.

Dr. Jenkins, accompanied by Dr. Walser and several deputies, left for Hoffman island at 11 o'clock to see that the island was kept in order for the Bohemia's passengers who will be landed there now that the Scandia's people are out of the way. The 11 o'clock bulletin from Swinburne island was as follows: "Nothing new on Bohemia. Sick patients still improving."

No More Cholera Bulletins.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The health department issued the following bulletin at 10 o'clock Saturday morning. "On account of the entire absence of cholera from this city since Sept. 19, no more bulletins will be issued." There have been no suspected cases reported during the past forty-eight hours.

The cholera ship Rugia of the Hamburg line sailed from Quarantine at 10 o'clock Saturday for Hamburg. The Rugia arrived in lower quarantine on Sept. 3, where she was detained fifteen days. She was then allowed to anchor off the upper quarantine station where she remained until Saturday morning.

THE ENGINEER KILLED.

Collision of Trains on the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

LANSDOWN, N. J., Oct. 3.—The worst coal and freight wreck in the history of the Easton and Amboy division of the Lehigh Valley railroad occurred early Saturday morning. A coal train drawn by engine 412 was ordered to wait at a siding near here until the second section of the fast freight passed going in the same direction. The engineer of the coal train pulled off the siding after the first section of the fast freight passed and was run into by the second section. This threw some o5 the cars on the east-bound track, where they were dashed into by engine 380 with an east-bound coal train, causing a triple wreck and blockading the road completely. Engineer Jordan Werkheiser of the second section of the fast freight was instantly killed and Brakeman William Dietrich severely injured.

Peculiar Accident to Three Men.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 29.—Three young men, Orll Sweet, Charles Ketchum and Charles Smith, while on their way from a political gathering in Northeast at a late hour Wednesday night met with a singular and fatal accident. Sweet was standing dangerously close to the track of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad on which a train was approaching. Ketchum attempted to save his friend, but Sweet was struck and instantly killed and his body hurled against Ketchum with such force that he too was crushed to death. As the two men fell they struck Smith, crushing him so badly that his recovery is not expected.

Fatal Explosion in a Mine.

WALSENBERG, Colo., Sept. 29.—D. E. Muir and William M. Holt were making an examination of the Walsen mine and went into an unused room when a terrific gas explosion occurred, killing the two men instantly. Their bodies were horribly burned and mangled and their clothing torn into shreds. Mr. Muir was the superintendent of the mines.

Fatal Prize Fight.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Oct. 3.—William Duffy, better known as "Billy the Kid," was knocked out at the Fashion theatre, a notorious resort in Covington, Neb., by Jack Keefe, a heavyweight, after an easy five round contest and died within an hour afterward. Keefe and all the seconds are under arrest awaiting the decision of the coroner's inquest.

Fought with Pitchfork and Knife.

LITTLE FALLS, Minn., Oct. 3.—Alex Cravel and August Artman, well-to-do farmers, fought to the death with pitchfork and knife in the moonlight at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, three miles east of this place. Artman was stabbed in twenty places, the fatal wound being made in the left thigh.

Shot While Hunting.

LAKE BENTON, Minn., Oct. 3.—Harold Frederickson of Chicago lies unconscious at the village of Tyler, having been shot accidentally by Peter Jenson while they were in a boat hunting ducks. The whole charge of Jenson's gun filled the left side of Frederickson.

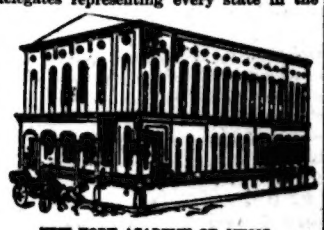
DEMOCRATIC CLUBS.

The Quadrennial Convention at New York City.

EVERY STATE WAS REPRESENTED.

Ex-President Cleveland the Guest of the Day—Some Distinguished Absentees—The Convention Called to Order by Chauncey F. Black, President of the League—Arrival of Ex-President Cleveland and His Address.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—The quadrennial convention of Democratic clubs held in the Academy of Music, this city, Tuesday morning, though shorn of some of itscontemplated features, including the street parade, was an enthusiastic and successful gathering. Four thousand badges were issued to delegates representing every state in the



NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Union. This was the seating capacity of the theatre, but arrangements were made to throw open Tammany hall, adjoining the academy for an overflow meeting. The galleries and the stage were gaily festooned with national flags, and heroic sized crayon portraits of the Democratic national candidates appeared on each side of the main stage entrance. The band of the Ninth New York National Guard regiment was stationed in the gallery. Box "A" was assigned for the guest of the day, ex-President Cleveland, and to the vice presidential candidate, Adlai E. Stevenson, who, however, was not present. Another distinguished absentee was Governor Flower, to whom "B" had been allotted. The national committee, represented Chairman Harrity, Hon. Dickinson, and William C. Whitney were in box "C." Other boxes were set apart for Lieutenant Governor Sheehan, Mayor Grant, Richard Croker, Chairman Murphy of the state committee, Hugh McLaughlin and other notables.

Arrival of Cleveland.

Shortly after 10 o'clock a second band marched in and took position back of the dress circle and made the theatre ring with the baby song from "Wang," which was sung so often in the Chicago convention to the words, "Four Years More of Grover." There were quite a number of ladies in the boxes and though the proceedings were late in opening there was no lack of life and preliminary amusement. Precisely at 10:50 ex-President Cleveland entered at the left wing, escorted by Chauncey Black, president of the league, and William D. H. Washington, chairman of the local committee. The whole audience rose en masse to receive him and a pandemonium of cheers and college yells were raised to which both hands contributed. Mr. Cleveland stood for some minutes until the enthusiasm subsided and as he took his chair, "three cheers for the typical American, Grover Cleveland" were called for and given with a will. Without further preliminaries President Chauncey Black called the convention to order and delivered his address. At its conclusion ex-President Cleveland was introduced: Then the convention cheered its longest. Mr. Cleveland stood with his hands folded toying with his eyeglasses waiting for it to subside, but at his opening sentences the cheers broke out again and he said with some sternness: "Gentlemen, you must keep quiet; we have had enough noise."

Mr. Cleveland's Speech.

President Black seconded the appeal for order and quiet was restored. Then in a clear, ringing voice, speaking without notes and with an emphasis which in spite of his protest was frequently punctured by cheers, Mr. Cleveland said:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me especial pleasure to extend to you on this occasion a hearty welcome. As a citizen of this proud municipality I am glad to assure you that our hospitality is always open and generous. In behalf of a community, distinguished for its Americanism and toleration in all matters of belief and judgment, I know I may extend a cordial greeting to those who here represent political thoughtfulness and sincerity. As an unyielding and consistent believer in Democratic principles, I trust I need not hesitate to pledge to the representatives of organized Democracy the good will and fraternal sympaty of this Democratic city. Your meeting is the council of war which precedes a decisive battle, and your deliberations should be the preparation for stern conflict. All your weapons and all your equipments are soon to be tested. You have organized and labored and you have watched and planned to insure your readiness for the final engagement now near at hand.

Designs and Purposes.

"This then is no holiday assemblage, but an impressive convocation in furtherance of the designs and purposes, for the accomplishment of which you and those you represent are banded together. These designs and purposes, as declared by your association, are: The preservation of the constitution of the United States; the autonomy of the states; local self-government and freedom of elections; opposition to the imposition of taxes beyond the necessities of the government economically administered, and the promotion of economy in all branches of the public service. These professions embody the purest patriotism and the loftiest aspirations of American citizenship. Though at all times they should suggest to us the strongest obligation to political effort, their motive force as incentives to political activity and watchfulness, should be irresistible at a time when the constitution is held in light esteem as against the accomplishment of selfish purposes, when state boundaries are hardly a barrier to centralized power, and when local self-government and freedom of elections are the scoff of partisanship. Those who subscribe to the creed of this association and make any claim to sincerity, can hardly excuse themselves for lack of effort at a time when the necessities of the government, economically administered, have but little relation to the taxation of the people and when extravagance in the public service has become a contagious plague.

Benefit of Organization.

"To those who hope for better things, this convention of Democratic clubs is a bright promise of reform. Unorganized good intentions and idle patriotic aspirations cannot successfully contend for mastery with the compact forces of private interests and greed, nor is the organization always the most useful which has the widest extent. The real benefit of political organization is found in its nearness to the people and in the directness of its action. Of course harmony and unity of purpose are absolutely essential. In this view, your assembling together is most important, in so far as it promotes this harmony and unity by conference and a consideration of methods, and in so far as it inspires that zeal and enthusiasm which will make more effective your work at home. Therefore, I am sure that I can say nothing better in taking my leave of you than to wish that your convention may be a most profitable and encouraging one, and that at its conclusion you may resume your places in your home organizations newly inspired to determined and zealous effort in the cause of true Democracy."

Sympathy for Harrison.

As Cleveland retired to the back of the stage at the close of his remarks the audience stood up and cheered, the band played "Four Years More of Grover" and Mr. Cleveland withdrew. The general business of the convention was then entered upon. Hon. Patrick A. Collins of Massachusetts was made temporary chairman; routine business followed. A delegate from North Carolina in the body of the hall rose and offered the following resolution which was adopted unanimously:

"Resolved, That the chairman be requested to transmit to the president of the United States the respectful sympathy of the members of the association of Democratic clubs with him in his days of anxiety and to express their earnest hope that in the providence of God Mrs. Harrison may in His own good time be restored to health."

Letters of regret were read from Adlia E. Stevenson and Governor Flower and at 12:10 the convention took a recess.

MAY NEVER GET WELL.

Mrs. Harrison's Friends Do Not Expect She Will Recover.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—Mrs. Harrison continues to rest fairly well and is apparently in no pain whatever. Spells of nervousness continue at intervals, but yield to treatment and give the sufferer at worst only temporary inconvenience. Yet, in spite of all these manifestly good symptoms, the invalid is not on the road to recovery, nor, unfortunately, is that happy contingency even seriously thought of. To assauge her pain and to make her declining days just as comfortable and cheery as possible is all that medical science or the tender care of beloved ones can hope to do for her. That the president and family are firmly convinced of this is best shown by the anxiety they make no attempt to hide, for on every face, especially that of the president, the terrible strain of the last five weeks, the loss of sleep, and days of anxious watching are plainly evident.

DIED A TERRIBLE DEATH.

Exploding Gasoline Ends the Life of a South Dakota Boniface.

YANKTON, Oct. 4.—Charles Winchester, proprietor of a small hotel in this city, was burned to death by an explosion of gasoline Monday. He was sprinkling gasoline on the floor of a small bedroom to exterminate bedbugs. The bedroom is just off the hotel kitchen and the explosive vapor generated in the bedroom pervaded the kitchen, where a gasoline stove was burning.

Jumped into a Swill Barrel.

The atmosphere in the kitchen first took fire and the flames rushed to the bedroom. The explosion followed, and a few seconds afterward Winchester ran from the bedroom into the open air with every particle of his clothing burned away, his hair gone and his flesh actually smoldering. Every particle of his body was burned to a blister and he endeavored to find relief by jumping into a tub of swill and then rolling in the dust. He had inhaled burning gasoline and early in the evening died.

Left Her Money to Charity.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Oct. 4.—Mrs. Sarah Ann Spencer, who died in Ocean Grove on Sunday, left an estate valued at nearly $80,000. The bulk of this estate goes to charitable institutions and churches. Her husband, who, a few years ago, was a poor fisherman, was left but $5,000. Among the bequests were, Evansville seminary of Evansville, Wis., $2,000; Spring Arbour seminary, Spring Arbour, Mich., $1,000. After bequests to other institutions and relatives and friends the residue of the estate is left to the Evansville seminary for the instruction of impecunious young women.

Injunction Stops the Farmers.

OMAHA, Oct. 4.—The work which was lately begun by a number of farmers in Iowa to change the course of the Missouri river by ditching across the narrow isthmus near Bellevue, where the river describes four fifths of a circle, has been stopped by an injunction. It is estimated that had the work not been stopped about 3,000 acres of land would have been changed to the other side of the river.

Ingalls Offers His Services.

TOPEKA, Kan., Oct. 4.—Ex-Senator Ingalls came to Topeka Monday afternoon and offered his services to the Republican central committee. He has decided to spend his entire time until election day in the state and has written to the Republican committees in New York and Nebraska declining to speak in their states.

Hard Times Ahead in Ghent.

BRUSSELS, Oct. 4.—Fifteen thousand cotton looms in Ghent have been stopped in consequence of the stagnation of trade. The stoppage will cause great misery among the working people, as the dullness of trade for several months has prevented their making their usual savings for the winter.

Epidemic of Diphtheria.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., Oct. 4.—An epidemic of diphtheria prevails in this city, and there is great alarm felt at its rapid spread. The little daughter of Mayor John Henderson died of the disease and others are dangerously ill. A strict quarantine is being inforced.

Caught in a Fire and Cremated.

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 4. — Monday morning fire occurred in the Kamm block, a four-story brick structure, inflicting a total loss of about $50,000. John G. Gray, carriagemaker, was burned to death, and Doc Huston, a fireman, was seriously injured.

Stricken to Death on His Way to Marry.

LEXINGTON, Va., Oct. 4.—Captain E. L. Perry, chief of police of Lexington, who was stricken with paralysis at Roncefort a few days ago, en route to be married, died Monday morning at Roncefort from the effects of the stroke.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Important Happenings Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

The Chicago city council refused to confirm the mayor's appointment of Ada C. Sweet to the school board.

A. L. Moon, an Independence, Ia., jeweler, tried to settle a business trouble with a pistol. He shot Frank Carter, a former partner, twice, inflicting serious wounds. He is in jail.

An unknown man was found dead at Minnesota City, Minn., supposedly from alcoholism. A tag in his pocket was marked Thomas Cullen, Hillsdale, Ills.

Speeches denouncing the American government for excluding the Chinese were made at the Pan-Presbyterian council in Toronto.

Pilgrimages to Rome in honor of the pope's jubilee have been postponed until after November on account of the health of Europe.

A man supposed to be W. J. Hoopengardner was found insensible beside the railroad track at Rantoul, Ills. He died before recovering consciousness.

James Story of Wabash, Ind., a former Wabash and Michigan railway switchman, has sued the road for $10,000 for the loss of an arm.

The 16-year-old son of Edward Schumaker of Galena, Ills., was thrown from a horse and killed.

William Wrightsell of Fairbury, Ills., was thrown from his buggy by a runaway horse and killed. He was 74 years of age.

Arthur D. Sloan is to be taken from Texas to Nebraska to be tried for killing his stepfather and brother at Fontanelle, Neb., several years ago.

Edwin Gould, son of Jay Gould, will take for his bride this fall the daughter of New York's distinguished surgeon, Dr. Shrady.

Florence Stewart of Saginaw, Mich., was struck in the eye by a stone while in a Grand Trunk train outward bound from Chicago, receiving injuries which may destroy her eyesight.

England's cotton spinners have refused a 5 per cent. reduction proposal of the masters, and a general strike in the trade may follow.

* * *

The home of Mrs. Lizzie Whelan of Fort Howard, Wis., was entered by burglars and $200 in coin was taken.

Kellum & Glennis' retail store at Mount Clam, Tex., was blown up by a spark from a cigarette falling in a powder barrel. A boy was badly hurt.

Two dry houses in the sash and door factory of McMillen & Co. of Oshkosh, Wis., were burned. Loss, $20,000; insurance, $6,000.

Fire destroyed Joslin & Co.'s grain warehouse in St. Paul, Minn., and damaged the Phœnix Beef company of Chicago and Ganglehoff & Co., dealers in farm implements. Loss, $48,000.

The McCahan Sugar Refining company which is opposed to the sugar trust, has organized at Philadelphia with a capital of $2,000,000.

J. C. Kincaid, a Lee county, Va., lumber man, claiming to be out on bond for killing several men, got in a row at English, Ind., with John Robinson and was fatally injured. Robison has not been arrested.

Two tramps at Mandan, N. D., took fifty watches from Williams' jewelry store. One of them was captured and the watches restored.

In the St. Louis City council a resolution was introduced providing for the impeachment of Mayor Noonan on the charges of drunkenness and other improper conduct, but was defeated by a majority of one.

Crounze, Van Wick, and Morton, the candidates for governor of Nebraska, all spoke at Beatrice. The first two held a joint debate, in the course of which Van Wyck got mad and passed the lie, whereupon pandemonium reigned for some time.

Sophia M. Bryant Converse has secured a divorce from her husband, Benjamin Converse, at Eau Claire, Wis. Mrs. Converse is a cousin of William Cullen Bryant, and has herself published some poems.

* * *

Matias Romero will soon resume his old post at Washington as Mexican minister.

Senator Quay has returned to Washington from Florida, completely restored to health.

The works of the cement company, near Fort Scott, Kan., has been destroyed by fire. Loss, $20,000; partly insured.

Thirty-one small cottages on Rosseau Andrew, and Adell streets, New Orleans, were burned. The loss is estimated at $50,000.

Senator Roger Q. Mills is lying seriously ill at his home in Corsicana, Tex.

The grand lodge of Illinois Knights of Honor elected the following officers: E. B. Garrett of Murphysboro, grand director; H. F. Day, grand reporter, and N. C. Mason of Moweaqua, grand treasurer.

Wednesday was Democrat day at the Illinois state fair at Peoria and all the candidates on the Democratic state ticket were present. A mass-meeting in the evening was addressed by Judge Altgeld and A. J. Hunter.

R. H. Cassidy of Peoria, Ills., has been elected national councilor of the O. U. A. M.

Samuel Adkinson's residence at Telcup, Kan., was struck by lightning. Mr. and Mrs. Adkinson and their two children were killed.

The body of George Bruce, a hardware merchant of St. Louis, was found in a ditch at Perth, Ont. It is supposed he was murdered.

At Westbury, L. I., the residence of Mr. Toner burned and his wife and child perished in the flames.

Albert V. Purviance, a brakeman, fell from a Wabash freight train at Peru, Ind., and was so badly injured that he died.

Burglars entered the wholesale store of Joannes Bros. at Green Bay, Wis., and secured $750 in cash and fifty-four gold watches valued at $600.

Nicholas Strite, a one-legged veteran who recently drew $4,400 pension money, was relieved of his wealth at Davenport, Ia., by George Masury. The money was recovered

New York Republicans held an enthusiastic meeting at Cooper Union, New York. Thomas C. Platt presided and Whitelaw Reid, Warner Miller, Chauncey M. Depew and Senator Hiscock were among the speakers.

The governor of Florida has ordered the Ocala rifles to assist the sheriff of Marion county in protecting York Ballard, a murderer, from lynchers.

John Hillinger, a shanty boatman near Paducah, Ky., kicked his child to death because he did not wish to care for it while his wife was sick.

* * *

Mrs. Annie Working was given a judgment of $1,000 against John G. Garn of Peru, Ind., for defamation of character.

Michael McAndrew of Dorchester, Mass., has been bound over to the superior court on a charge of poisoning his wife.

John Stettler of Syracuse was fatally hurt by the accidental discharge of a gun while hunting near Goshen, Ind.

James Coon and Charles Mosely were killed by Mexican cowboys near St. Hediery, Tex.

A Polish immigrant was sent to the insane asylum at Indianapolis because he could not speak the English language.

A man known as "Shorty" Johnson, living in Mattoon, was struck and instantly killed by a Big Four train, five miles west of Charleston, Ills.

James Scott, a notorious desperado who murdered his wife about six months ago, was hanged at Brandon, Miss. Scott made a full confession on the scaffold.

A large mass of vein rock fell in the Tamarack mine at Houghton, Mich., instantly killing Sylvester Ambrosich.

Emperor William of Germany has appointed Colonel Rosser, who is one of the few Jews in the German army, an aid-de-camp on his own staff, as an intimation of his disapproval of the persecutions to which that race is subjected in the kaiser's own realm as well as elsewhere in Europe.

Charles Williams was sentenced to two years in prison at Winamac, Ind., for stabbing Albert Lowrey Aug. 13.

It is supposed that the schooner J. W. Dean, a Nova Scotia boat, with a crew of fourteen men, has been lost.

A party of men and bloodhounds are in pursuit of Commodore Miller, the notorious Texas outlaw.

At a meeting of the National Federation in Dublin a home rule manifesto was approved expressihg to fellow Irishmen in America and Australia confidence in speedy victory and announcing the need of help for evicted tenants.

The Swift Bicycle company of Coventry, England, has located a factory at Richmond, Ind.

The clothing of Mary Pendergrast, a 6-year-old child at Chicago, was set on fire by a playmate and she was burned to death.

Thursday was Republican day at the Grant county (Ind.) fair, held at Marion. Governor Chase addressed a large audience.

Charles Toussaint fell dead in a Jacksonville, Ills., shoe store. Heart disease.

Western and eastern coal sales agents in session at New York decided to make no changes in present prices.

* * *

At Jackson, Miss., Officer Ed Gordin shot and fatally wounded James Head, a notorious character.

Mrs. Mary H. Jaeger of 3709 LaSalle street, Chicago, committed suicide by severing an artery in her left wrist.

Queen Victoria counts among her many accomplishments that of etching, an art in which she was instructed by Sir Edward Landseer and Thomas Landseer.

The parishioners of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal church, New York, among whom are Cornelius Vanderbilt and other very wealthy men, are soon to erect a new church edifice to cost, it is said, over $1,500,000. The site of the present church is wanted by the New York Central railroad.

Carl Voght, the celebrated German anatomist, is responsible for the theory that small-headed idiots are a retrograde movement toward the monkey type.

Dennis Murphy has superintended the reporting of United States senate debates for forty-four years.

The northbound freight on the Monon struck and instantly killed Blan Whitaker at Spencer, Ind.

Robert Louis Stevenson, it is reported, has established a literary and social club in Samoa, with his wife as president.

Thomas Jones, county clerk of Campbell county, Ky., has been indicted for failing to properly account for $5,000 collected by him on licenses to saloon keepers.

In the clearing house return for the last week Chicago shows an increase of 25.5 per cent., leading Boston by over $11,000,000.

Receipts of wheat at Chicago for September were the largest on record.

Great Britain is disposed to resent promptly the encroachment of a Belgium expedition on the Upper Nile territory, which is designated as "within the British spere."

August Passewalk, while working on the new bridge at Manitowoc, Wis., was struck by a piece of iron knocked into the river and drowned.

At a meeting of the British cabinet the Irish eviction question was considered and the ministers are inclined to adopt the recommendation of Secretary Morley that a money grant be made for the relief evicted cenants pending the report of the royal commission of inquiry.

The body of Sinado Montoya, a mail carrier in New Mexico, has been found. He was murdered.

* * *

An unsuccessful attempt was made to burn the Opera house at Mascoutah, Ills.

Ralph M. Blackley, a young law student of Toronto, Ont., was struck by an electric car and killed.

It is asserted that the Ohio Wholesale Grocers' association has adopted a rate-book equality plan which turns out to be a wholesale grocers' trust in masquerade and many grocers rebel.

Charles W. Frendenvoll has been selected by the widow and daughter of Patrick S. Gilmore as leader and business manager of the famous band. He was born in Boston in 1853.

A Veteran's Story

Jos. Hemmerich.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with Consumption. Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a general blood purifier and tonic medicine, especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer, who will send me their Express and P. O. address.

T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00
All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Imagination."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Quincy street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Alabama."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Mr. Richard Mansfield.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—W. H. Crane in "The Senator."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union Hanlon Brothers.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Geesoon."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

JOHN J. FITZGIBBON.

Irish-Americans throughout the world, and all other lovers of human freedom, will deeply regret to learn that John J Fitzgibbon, of South Chicago, the friend of Ireland's friends, and the foe of her foes, is no more. He died suddenly at his residence on South Chicago avenue, at an early hour on Saturday morning, Oct. 1. He had been ailing more or less for a couple of years, but nobody expected so rapid a termination of his illness, as he had been around among his innumerable friends, as usual, the day preceding his death. Mr. Fitzgibbon's malady was aneurism of one of the main arteries, and he suffered greatly at times, but was ever cheerful and resigned.

John J. Fitzgibbon was born near Clogheen, at the foot of the Galtee Mountains, county Tipperary, Ireland, in 1837, and came to America when about 18 years of age His father was one of the best known business men in that section. His mother was Miss Ellen Fitzgerald, daughter of a family ever devoted to the independence of Ireland. The boy received a good early education, which greatly benefitted him in his after career.

On coming to this country, young Fitzgibbon first tried his fortune in Kentucky, but soon moved to Cincinnati, where he made an experiment at cooperage, but, as the occupation was not to his taste, he soon abandoned it, and, with the proceeds of his labors, entered as a student at the University of Notre Dame, Ind., from which he graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He was particularly well versed in history, literature and philosophy, and was also distinguished in mathematics. The late Right Rev. Bishop McMullen, some time president of the College of St. Mary's of the Lake, appointed Mr. Fitzgibbon to a professorship, and this position he held until his intense views on the Irish question, in Fenian times, compelled him, as a measure of self respect, to resign. He then became agent for one of the largest wholesale houses of that period, and was highly successful in his new sphere. In 1868, he established the firm of Scanlan & Fitzgibbon, commission merchants, and continued to prosper until the great fire of 1871 wiped the house out of existence. Mr. Fitzgibbon then resumed his former occupation of traveling agent, and was soon afterward appointed, having been a consistent Republican, to a Federal office under President Grant.

In 1878-9 he organized the Chicago Distilling Company, with Col. P. J. Hennessy, Thomas Hutchinson, John Birmingham and Richard J. Walsh as partners, and, by the success of the venture, again signalized his marked ability as a man of affairs as well as of letters. He sold out his interest in the company, for a nice fortune, five years ago, and bought out the flourishing Calumet National Bank, of South Chicago, of which he was president at the time of his death. Since the bank came under the control of Mr. Fitzgibbon it increased its deposits several hundred per cent.

In the spring of 1884, he married Miss Annie Cunnea, daughter of the leading banker of Morris, Ill., an heiress in her own right, as well as a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind. Their union was a most happy one, and four fine children—three boys and a girl—blessed it. Mr. Fitzgibbon was a most affectionate and devoted husband and father, and the loss his wife and children have sustained has aroused the sympathy of the whole community. No man was more generally liked and respected by his friends and neighbors than Mr. Fitzgibbon. He was the soul of good nature, and was so simple and honest in his character that his word would be accepted as his bond by any of his fellow-citizens, without regard to race, creed or party. He dearly loved America but never forgot old Ireland.

In Irish affairs Mr. Fitzgibbon was a stern and uncompromising Nationalist He was one of the first to join the Fenian Brotherhood in this city, and, although intensely Catholic, neither priest nor prelate could move him from his allegiance to that society while it remained in existence. In 1869, he was elected first president of the famous Irish Literary Association of this city, and held that office for several terms in succession. In after years he accepted the presidency of the Irish Total Separation Society, and, in fact, was never out of harness. He was a prominent member of the Irish American Club of Chicago, and, on Parnell's arrival in this country in 1879-80, was one of the three delegates chosen to receive that patriot at New York and invite him to this city. Parnell thought a great deal of Mr. Fitzgibbon, and his regard was sincerely returned.

The deceased gentleman was so great a favorite with the masses of his countrymen in Chicago, that he was frequently called upon to speak at their public gatherings. His last appearance in that capacity was at the great Ogden Grove meeting on Aug. 15 last, when he presided at the evening muster and made an able and uncompromising address, which was enthusiastically received.

In the death of John J. Fitzgibbon the editor of THE CITIZEN has lost one of his oldest, truest and best beloved friends. We cannot, although feeling the loss intensely, do anything like full justice to the virtues of the noble nature that has been transferred from earth to Paradise. Mr. Fitzgibbon, socially, politically and personally, was among the purest of the pure and the truest of the true. He bore no malice against any man, and, for his countrymen, he cherished a love that nothing could subdue or diminish. He gloried in his race, its achievements and its possibilities, and he burned with an intense earnestness for the hour that would see Ireland fling aside her chains and resume the sceptre of nationhood. He did not live to realize that proud hope, but he lived long enough, at least, to recognize "the red dawn of the day" of her freedom on the Eastern horizon. And, should Ireland, finally, roll away the stone from the long sealed sepulchre of her liberties, it is not too much to say that among those of her sons settled in free America, who gave time, means and unbending devotion to her cause, John J. Fitzgibbon, the faithful and the brave, will hold an honored and a foremost place. May his soul rest in the light of the throne of God, and may the land that bore him, and the land that will hold his dust, bear and cherish millions of such sons and defenders in their future history. The green in the banner of his native land will bloom above his grave, and the stars in the flag of his adoption will ever shine above it to make more visible the epitaph which his kindred will inscribe upon his last resting place: "Here lies one who served his country and loved his kind."

A THREATENED "CAVE."

It is now generally believed that a "cave" is being formed in the Liberal party with the object of giving labor problems priority to Home Rule in the parliament which is to meet early next year. This band of anti-Irish Englishmen is composed chiefly of a few disgruntled Radicals whose hopes of becoming ministers of the crown were shattered by Mr. Gladstone in his recent choice of colleagues. To these may be added a quartette or so of labor members—Hodges for the most part and fellows who are quite careless of what may happen to Ireland or the Irish cause so long as they and their constituents can secure a few good square daily meals of roast beef and plum pudding washed down by quart measures of nut brown ale.

It is said that this group of Saxon conspirators may support the contemplated Home Rule bill at the second reading; but in committee they will, it is whispered, abandon it to its fate. THE CITIZEN takes no stock in such gammon. The adoption of such a policy by the Radicals and Laborites would mean their own political destruction. The Irish party are as indispensable to them in advancing the particular projects which they have on hand as they are to the Irish party in obtaining Home Rule. In thwarting or harassing such allies these English members would be, so to speak, committing suicide as public men.

It behooves Mr. Gladstone and all representative Irishmen in the English parliament to nip this odious conspiracy in the bud. Its leaders should be held up as traitors to the expressed mandates of their constituencies—should they dare to interfere with the wishes and aspirations of the Irish people. Meanwhile it is incumbent now more than ever on every Irishman to keep a sharp eye out on some of Mr. Gladstone's followers who may be tempted to "rat" in the hour of danger. The situation is not one of grave peril. Yet a watchful policy on the part of those who have Ireland's interests at heart is no less necessary all the same.

ANOTHER APPEAL FOR AID.

At a meeting of the Irish National Federation held in Dublin last week under the presidency of Mr. Justi McCarthy a manifesto was issued addressed to the Irishmen of America and Australia, in which the old cry for more funds is again repeated. The writers of this document allege that the Liberal leaders are sincere in their efforts to pass a Home Rule measure; that if the House of Lords should venture to oppose the bill hereditary obstruction will be put an end to; and that, no matter what may happen, the College Green Parliament is now an assured institution of the immediate future. In order to enable Mr. McCarthy and his friends, however, to continue their championship of Home Rule to a successful issue, their exchequer has, it seems, got to be replenished; and if the necessary resources are forthcoming, success, they tell us, is sure, and the next address these gentlemen will issue to the exiled children of the Gael will be one of triumph through the voice of an Irish Parliament. This manifesto is on the whole an interesting document. It will, doubtless, be followed up by another from the Redmondite wing of the Irish party in which the latter's claims to American dollars and to Australian sovereigns will be similarly and just as eloquently sustained.

"TARIFF FOR REVENUE ONLY"

This is the watchword of the Free Trade party at present, and a more foolish or illogical watchword, or whatever it may be called, was never adopted by any party in America or in any other country. Let us try and find out what this fool-phrase means, or if it means anything at all.

First and foremost why do not some of the Free Trade wiseacres tell us what amount of tariff it would be necessary to impose on the different kinds of imported foreign manufactured goods, so that the income arising from it would be enough, or about enough, for the wants of the government? If they cry out for "Tariff for revenue only," one would be led to think that they ought to be able to give at least an approximate idea of what tariff should be levied on the different kinds of manufactured and unmanufactured goods imported, so that with the internal revenue as it is at present, there would be enough, or nearly enough, to run the government of the country. They know almost exactly how much money is wanted for that purpose every year, and if they mean anything by their fool phrase, they surely ought to be able to tell very nearly what the duties ought to be. They have been everlastingly dinning into the ears of the nation that the tariff is robbery; that there is danger when more money is collected by the government than is needed; that accumulation of money in the treasury greatly beyond the needs of the government leads to extravagance, corruption and stealing; and that such a state of things is to be avoided by all possible means.

Giving the Free Trade party credit for possessing in its ranks nine tenths of the ignorance, thoughtlessness an un Americanism that is to be found in America, it would be folly to deny that it has in its ranks at least some honest, clear-headed and patriotic men. Those latter should insist that he leaders of the party should explain what they mean by the cry "Tariff for revenue only."

These leaders will never give them an answer, for they cannot. The question is utterly insolvable. Ten million Roger Q. Mills, and twice that number of Grover Clevelands could not solve it. Every one who knows anything at all about the working of the tariff, knows that the lower the tariff on an imported article is, the more of that article will be imported into the country, and consequently, the greater will be the amount of money that the treasury will receive from the duties on it. In a word, the tariff that would be enough, or about enough, to meet the wants of the government, would be tantamount to free trade, and would in reality, afford no protection at all to American industries.

Let us take woolen manufactured articles as an example. The present tariff on them is say about 70 per cent ad valorem all round. The government probably gets more money from the tariff on imported woolen fabrics than from any other imported article of foreign manufacture. Cut the tariff on them in two. Let it be only half what it is at present, and certainly twice as much, probably three times as much, of such woolen fabrics would be imported, and consequently the amount of money flowing into the treasury from the reduced duties on them would be as great, and probably much greater, than at present. Ever since America has had a tariff, it has been found that reducing it invariably leads to increased importations. We defy any one, Republican or Democrat, to prove that this statement is not generally true.

To have such a tariff as would meet, or about meet, the wants of the government, would require such an amount of legislation as no country could possibly give to such a matter. The tariff would have to be revised at least twice a year, and even then the most acute and discriminating revision would fail to adjust it in any way bordering on exactness, because no human foresight could not foresee what the importations on any article would be during even six months ahead. In plain, unadorned English, "Tariff for revenue only," is the cry of fools It is an impossibility. It is illogical. It is stupid. It is all these, or it was originated by some one who was false enough to mislead, but not honest enough to say he was a Free Trader.

THE PRESIDENT'S FOREIGN POLICY.

President Harrison's foreign policy has been subjected to much unjust criticism on the part of writers, who, nearly all purposely blind to facts, are inspired in their attacks by the most flagrant of partisan motives. They have even sought to cast reflections upon him because he took an active and personal part in the negotiations on various matters conducted between his administration and foreign governments, just as if they imagined that the Chief Executive of this great Republic should be a mere figurehead, like most European sovereigns, and not a real live ruler of a live Nation. Jurisconsults assure us that the President, as such, is the executor of the law, or, in other words, the administrator of the people's decrees. He is, so to speak, the Nation incarnified in one man. Hence, unless he consents to be a mere puppet, he must act every time in the National interests, and with that deep sense of responsibility incumbent on one who has the destinies of over sixty millions of Americans in his hands.

Mr. Harrison has long since given ample proof of the fact that he has a mind and a will of his own. During his term of office the position he holds has been no sinecure. With the vast experience of his past life as Senator at his command, gifted as he is with a wonderfully practical grasp of all the details that come under his observation in the conscientious discharge of his duties, he has guided the administration through all its difficulties with the tact and discretion of a true diplomatist, and with the grit and energy of a man whose active business talents have always been of surpassing merit.

He had scarcely been well installed in the White House—now nearly four years ago—when he was confronted with the Samoan difficulty. Germany, it will be remembered, made an effort at that time to annex the islands of Samoa situated in the South Pacific ocean on the direct line of travel from this country to Australia, and possessing a coal station for the use of our navy. Bismarck, who had previously treated Mr. Bayard, the Democratic Secretary of State, with supreme disdain, had to surrender all designs on the territory when Mr. Harrison, through James G. Blaine, insisted on the autonomy of Samoa. The issue of these negotiations was a treaty, guaranteeing Home Rule to those islands, and safeguarding our interests on their soil, which was signed by the representatives of the United States, Germany and England. Such was the initial triumph of the President's foreign policy.

The second success was the establishment of the *status quo* by which the seal fisheries in the Behring sea are protected from marauders and pirates. This question of the seal fisheries was an open one when Mr. Harrison took up the reins of office. This country and England were at loggerheads on the matter. The largest head of furseal in the Behring sea was that on the Pribyloff Islands which were purchased from Russia by our government in 1869 For sixteen years this territory was operated upon by the United States causing with considerable financial success. In the summer of 1885 the Canadians of British Columbia unwarrantedly interfered with our National rights by slaughtering the seals on their way to the islands, and so thinning the herd that the waters which used to supply Russia annually with some 40 000 skins and the United States with a similar number, for several years brought us only 100,000—thanks to the ravages made by the swindling interlopers from the British Dominion. Mr. Harrison protested in no uncertain tones against the conduct of these swashbucklers—denying that the freedom of the seas carried with it the license to do what ever anybody pleased thereon regardless of the rights of others. No marauding enterprises of the kind against another's property, added the President, should be allowed by the Washington administration. A stop was at once put by Salisbury to the depredations caused by his henchmen; and a *status quo* was agreed upon by both governments for some three years, at the expiration of which term it was prolonged until the whole problem shall be finally solved by arbitration.

The President's next and crowning victory in his foreign policy was his triumphant settlement of the Chili question. Chili blustered for a considerable number of days; insults were heaped on the head of our minister in that country, and it was at one time anticipated that the Chilian authorities would make no reparation to us for the American sailors who were murdered in the streets of her capital, unless at the mouth of American cannon. In this National crisis President Harrison proved himself to be complete master of the situation. He was firm as a rock in advancing the claims of this country to ample redress. The result was that Chili made an abject apology to Washington, and Minister Egan's conduct throughout the entire negotiations received thorough vindication not only at the hands of Mr. Harrison, but also at those of the Chilians themselves.

The highly successful issue of the New Orleans imbroglio, by which, despite the withdrawal of the Italian Minister from Washington, the wise diplomacy of President Harrison was proven with even more eclat than ever it was, may be added to the list of the victories which have attended the career of the present administration in their defense of American interests abroad. With such a record behind it, it can well afford to treat with sovereign contempt the attacks of those silly-billy publicists who would seek to minimise the services which it has invariably rendered to our flag and our fatherland.

IRISHMEN who are so very fond of extolling the sympathy of the British masses with the cause of Home Rule, may find themselves egregiously mistaken in their calculations. 'It is time," says Labouchere, "that a few plain words should be said about popular feeling in England in regard to Home Rule. The electors are sick of the subject. Our appeals about the wrongs of Ireland have fallen flat!" This indifference of the English Liberal electorate is significant. Now, Mr. McCarthy and colleagues, what about this much vaunted "union of hearts" of yours, which was to have cemented in one the Saxon and the Celt? Don't you think just now that all such gush was only after all, perhaps, about the merest rhodomontade?

NEW YORK is blessed these days with the presence in her midst of the O'Conor Don, a real live Irish landlord, who is, moreover, the lineal descendant of Roderick O'Conor the last king of Ireland. Will the World's Fair committee kindly give a place in their gallery of curiosities to this rarest of royal birds?

PROTECTION and prosperity are twin brothers that have ever been the benefactors of this great republic.

DR. CONAN DOYLE, the mongrel Anglo-Irishman, is out again with a disgusting piece of doggerel, replete with jingoism, calling for the repurchase of Nelson's ship, Foudrogant, which was recently bought up by a German firm for the sum of $5 000. This renegade Celt speaks of the big British sea-dog as "Our Nelson," just as T. P. O'Connor speaks of Victoria as "Our Queen!" Dr. Conan Doyle is particulary indignant forsooth that the historic hulk should have been sold for old lumber! Alas! for the shades of the brave and rebellious Doyles of the Wicklow mountains! They may well weep over the nauseating loyalty of their very degenerate son!

MRS. WHITTEN of Windsor, better known as "Victoria by the grace of God," etc., etc., has through her secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby, contributed the following brilliant passage to the *Strand Magazine:* "Her Majesty was very much devoted dolls, and indeed played with them till she was nearly fourteen years old! Her favorites were small dolls—small wooden dolls which she could occupy herself with dressing, and who had a house in which they could be placed. None of Her Majesty's children cared for dolls as she did; but then they had girl companions which she never had." The words underlined in the foregoing quotation illustrate how effectively her majesty can drive a coach and four through the rules of English grammar. The widow's English has always made ducks and drakes of poor Lindley Murray! These revelations about the royal dolls are setting all the loyal hearts of old England crazy with delight—they are so very interesting, don't you know!

IT is a significant fact that the American people are not only paying actually less taxes than they paid a few years ago, but a much smaller proportion of the expenses of government than they ever paid before. Facts are stubborn things.

SALISBURY, the ex-British Premier, once remarked that the state of agriculture in Great Britain is simply deplorable. "Farms," adds the London *Financial Times*, "which a few years ago were in the highest state of cultivation, are given up to weeds. Such is the inevitable result of the system of Free Trade." What have our spouting Free Trade champions to say to this?

IT is reported in Cork that the promoters of the World's Fair are about to purchase Sir Walter Raleigh's house in Youghal (to which reference has been made in a previous issue of THE CITIZEN) with the view of having it transplanted to Chicago. Cork men are said to be indignant over this contemplated act of vandalism. The whole story, however, looks suspiciously like a "whopper." What has Colonel Davis to say to it?

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S new novel is to be entitled "The Dictator." It will probably be a story of the turf and the stable. Was not one of the late Mr. Parnell's horses called by that suggestive name?

ANOTHER momentous question, exercising the minds of stolid Britishers just now is whether or not the pants of the Duke of York were stitched in one of the casements of a house which was infected with diphtheria! As THE CITIZEN's readers may not be aware of the identity of this Duke, it might be just as well to state that up to a few months ago he was known as Prince George, the sole surviving son of Mr. Wales. Some English journalists deny that any diphtheria existed in such close proximity to the pants in question, others on the contrary affirm it,—with the result that the great soul of England is stirred to its deepest depths with blood curdling anxiety at the possible and alarming prospect of losing another male heir to the throne, as well as that of the consequent reversion of the crown to the daughter of the Scotchman, Duff, the Earl of Fife. On the whole, Prince George's breeches are kicking up as lively a hub-bub as those of a famous imprisoned Irish patriot did a few years ago. Very asinine, by the bye, is the big British public becoming!

THE captains of Uncle Samuel's revenue cutters are nobly doing their duty on Alaskan waters. Capt. Cooper reports to Washington that he has arrived at Sand Point, Alaska, on his way to Sitka with the British sealer, Henrietta, in tow, seized for a violation of custom laws at Touki Bay in transferring and receiving cargo without permission from the proper customs officer. Capt. Tozier has also written to the effect that the British sloop, Sigris, has been seized for failing to report to the proper authorities. These necessary measures prove, if indeed any proof is necessary, that Mr. Harrison's administration is on every occasion prepared to vindicate the authority of our flag.

AN American Free Trader is consciously or unconsciously England's best friend and ally.

KOSSUTH, the unchanged and unchangeable, will never bow the knee to the House of Hapsburg. He will die, as he lived, a devoted patriot, believing in the right of Hungary to complete and absolute independence. Last week, when asked if he would ever go back to his native land, he replied: "I am resolved never to set my foot in Hungary so long as it recognizes the Emperor of Austria as its king!" The octogenarian exile in Turin is as much a radical today as he was in the glorious and generous enthusiasm of youth. THE CITIZEN regrets that a similar compliment cannot be paid to the other surviving revolutionists of 48 most of whom have in their old age degenerated into fossilized fogies of a rigidly conservative type. Even Ireland has been afflicted with a few of these antediluvian curiosities.

NEPOTISM reigns supreme within the gilded circle of the English Royal Family. It is now being illustrated in the news to hand that one of Vic's sons, the Duke of Connaught, will succeed Lord Roberts as Commander-in-chief of the forces in India. The Queen's cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, a silly and senile incapable, who died quite recently, enjoyed for years the fat post of Generalissimo of the British forces at home. Yet the Duke fled like an arrant coward from the Russian guns during the opening weeks of the Crimean campaign, and returned home to old England with his royal tail between his legs. Such are your gods, O Israel! It is not capacity or bravery but blue blood that gains a man promotion or honors in the English army.

SEVENTY million dollars were spent this year by American tourists on the other side of the Atlantic! Verily it is time that a tax should be levied on absentees.

THE centenary of the first day of the year one of the Republic was celebrated last week in Paris with much fervor and enthusiasm. Just one hundred years from now that self-arrogated and blasphemously styled "right divine of kings" was snowed under, so to speak, for ever by the valiant Republicans of France, and a new era, opening up hitherto impossible avenues of success to the people was inaugurated. If license followed liberty in 1793 it was liberty's misfortune and not its fault. The Republic in France just now looks like an institution that has come to stay.

THE advance sale of season tickets for the second season of the Chicago Orchestra at the Auditorium was successfully begun last Monday. The sale will be continued daily until the inauguration of the season on Saturday evening October 22 There are the brightest prospects for an exceptionally brilliant season.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and as seldom read.

"STUDENT," Michigan.—The earliest settlers in Ireland came from the far East. They were originally natives of Armenia and Persia. Partholanus was the pioneer of the newcomers. He was followed by the Nemedians, the Fomorians, the Firbolgs, the Tuatha de Danaans and the Milesians. The Danes, Normans and Anglo-Saxons were later importations.

"ARD-RIGH."—It is not true that there was no civilization in Ireland before the coming of Christianity. Pagan Ireland had its bards and brehons, its code of laws and constitution, its schools and parliament long before St. Patrick landed on her shores. The late Canon Ulick Bourke is a good authority to consult on Pre-Christian Innisfail.

"O'S," Lowell, Mass.—The Sullivans whom you refer to were undoubtedly Irish. That mongrel brood sixty leg itself Scotch-Irish could boast of none of that name.

"DUNGANNON," City.—Your lines to the suffering evicted tenants of Ireland do justice to the goodness of your heart, but they are not up to our level for publication. Try again.

"INQUIRER."—THE CITIZEN scorns such attacks as those which you have brought under its notice. It never heeds the ravings of nincompoops. The official you write of is too insignificant a pigmy to even merit our contempt.

"HUGH COURTNEY," City.—Apply for information to the clerk of some of the Courts of Record in this city.

"INNISFAIL DRAMATIC CLUB,"—The announcement of opening of your second season arrived too late for publication last week.

DREAMS OF IRELAND.

BY ELEANOR C DONNELLY

Sweet Erin, tho' I ne'er have gazed
Upon thy loved and lovely face,
Nor in thine arms (by poets praised),
Have felt a mother's fond embrace;

Tho' all the beauties of thine Isle—
Its fields, its rivers, rocks and hills,
The dewy skies that o'er thee smile,
The music of the silver rills—

To me are like a charming book
Which envious hands have clasped and sealed,
Lest even to a casual look
Its wondrous graces be revealed;—

Yet, do I see in my dreams,—
Thy cliffs, thy sands, thy gray seaboard,
Thy sparkling loughs and singing streams,
The emerald velvet of thy sward,

Are pictured oft in silent night;—
In spirit thro' thy woods I rove,
And hear the birds (dear feather'd sprites!)
Thrilling their lay in glen and grove;

Or, past the hedge rows wand'ring free,
'Mid hawthorn buds, and bowers of snow
(The while the salt sea breezes from the sea
Blows upward from the shingle low),

Methinks I view thy storied shrines,
Cathedrals, convents, chapels old,
Where Erin, Isle of Saints, entshines,
Her iron cross, a crown of gold.

Fair mirage of a far-off land!
How tender-sweet thou art to me!
Fain would I touch thee with my hand,—
My dreams, a blest reality!

Tho' dear the blood I owe thy sons,
Those heroes from thy northern plains,
Whose life stream down the ages runs
To cast its currents thro' my veins.

Ah! dearer for *one* gift sublime,
My heritage from thee and them,
The Faith of Christ, which thro' all time
Hath been thy glory's central gem,

All shall be mine. My boast, my bliss,
Should I e'er cross you rolling flood,
To hear it said: "A pilgrim this
O! Irish faith and Irish blood!"

God speed the day! Come grief, come death,
Land of my sires,—face to face,—
Great Mother of my blood and faith,
'Twere joy to die in thine embrace!

IRISH NEWS.

At a special meeting of the trustees of the South Infirmary to consider a report of the medical staff on the question of the admission of ladies to the hospital as clinical students, the report was of a favorable character, and Mr. Gregg proposed that the motion be adopted, and was seconded by Archdeacon Archdall. Col. Donegan moved a direct negative, and was seconded by Mr. G. Purcell. Mr. J. C. Flynn, M. P, and Capt. A. J. C. Donnellan, M P., spoke in favor of the motion, and it was strongly opposed by Canon Maguire. On a poll the resolution proposed by Mr. Gregg was carried by 12 votes to 5

An effort is being made to start a Rugby Football Club in Navan.

Walter Powell, a boilermaker of Carew, shot his wife while she was asleep, and then attempted suicide by shooting himself in the stomach. The woman, who was wounded in the neck, is expected to recover, but the man's case is considered hopeless.

Dr. Redmond, bishop of Killaloe, laid the first stone of a new Catholic church in Nenagh last Sunday. The prettiest position within the township has been chosen, the site being on an elevation directly opposite the convent. The old Abbey of Nenagh was dedicated to St. Mary, and the title of the new edifice will be "St. Mary of the Rosary." The Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, bishop of Galway and Kilfenora, preached on the occasion, and the usual solemnities were observed.

The Rev. J. Ryan, who has left Roscrea for the diocese of Dunedin, New Zealand, was educated at Mount Melleray and Carlow Colleges, and ordained at the latter place last June.

Fever of a most malignant type has broken out in the James' street Royal Irish Constabulary Barracks, Kilkenny. By the direction of Dr. Magee, medical officer, the barracks has been closed, and two constables removed to hospital. Several cases of fever, more or less fatal, have occurred in Kilkenny lately. The staff of trained nurses are still retained in Kilkenny jail.

Cornelius Mahoney, laborer, has died at the residence of his daughter in Goat street, Dingle, at the remarkable age of 115 years. The deceased had enjoyed perfect health up to four years ago when he became stricken, and two years ago lost the use of his sight and speech.

The death is announced of Dr. Arthur McHugh in Killarney, at the advanced age of 68 years. Dr. McHugh was for many years Local Government Board auditor, in the Cork and Kerry district.

Hundreds of people at home and abroad who have done the picturesque journey from Galway to Clifden on the "long car," will hear with regret of the death of Mr. Kennedy O'Brien, proprietor of the Connemara cars. He died very suddenly at Galway on Saturday, Sept. 17. He was a kindly genial man. He attended personally to his own business, saw every car dispatched, and looked carefully after the comforts of his passengers. There is something tragic in his death taking place at a time when the line of railway is nearly laid through Connemara, and when the "long car" is to be so soon replaced by the steam engine. Mr O'Brien, however, had made a great fortune in business, and was entirely indifferent on the question of opening up the western highlands by railway communication. He was a liberal employer, a good Nationalist and a generous subscriber to every patriotic and charitable purpose.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

Now that the north side of Dublin City has been provided with such a splendid cinder track, on which training can be carried on no matter how wet the weather is, there is a movement on foot for the putting down of a cinder track in the vicinity of Rathmines or Rathgar, on the south side of the city.

Mr. Ball, of Suffolk street, Dublin, is exhibiting a beautiful set of stations which have just been completed for Francis street church. The oil paintings are very fine, being extremely artistic. The gilt frames, which are very handsome, are of Irish manufacture, and are a credit to Mr. Ball's firm.

On Thursday night week a compositor named Thomas Thompson, residing at No. 14 Nelson street, Dublin, died suddenly while having a bath in his house. The deceased had been out walking with his wife, and on his return home went to have a bath. Owing to his long absence Mrs. Thompson knocked at the door of the bathroom, and, receiving no answer, entered the room when she found her husband insensible.

Among the numerous passengers who embarked from Queenstown on Sept. 19 for New York on the Guion liner Arizona, which touched at that port from Liverpool, was Mr. Charles Underwood O'Connell, who took such a prominent part in the revolutionary movement of 1866 and 1867 He has been home for a few months on a visit to his native land, and has spent some time with relatives and friends in the county Limerick.

Seals have lately been seen in Killiney Bay. A gentleman has written to the papers suggesting that the seals are the descendants of a family that once lived about the rocks at Ireland's Eye and Howth, and recommending that a seal colony should be established in that neighborhood. Within recent years several sharks have been observed off the coast near Dublin, several of which were captured or killed.

Mr. Wybrants Olpherts, D. L J. P., whose estate at Falcarragh, Donegal, was the scene two or three years ago of an exciting eviction campaign, died at Falcarragh Sept. 21 at the advanced age of 81 years. He was, it is believed, the oldest magistrate in Ireland, having been appointed a justice of the peace fifty-nine years ago. He was a resident landlord. His evicted tenants early this year accepted his terms and were reinstated in their holdings.

A distinguished Irish American bishop, the Most Rev. R. Scannell, D. D. of the diocese of Omaha, Neb., U. S. A., is on a visit with his lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, bishop of Cloyne.

Two accidents which occurred on the Cork & Muskerry Railway on Tuesday night, Sept. 13, have resulted in the deaths of the victims. The train from Coachford, which was heavily freighted with passengers returning to Cork from the Coachford athletic sports, knocked down a man named McCarthy, a mason from the locality, and killed him almost immediately. The whole train passed over the unfortunate man, and the body was horribly mutilated. A laborer named Murphy, a resident of Blarney, also met with injuries which resulted fatally. He was seen to leave a third-class carriage when the train stopped at the junction, and endeavored to pass across the couplings between two cars. He feet got entangled in the chains, and the train just then beginning to move, he got crushed between the wheels. Both his legs and one of his arms were shockingly injured. He died at the South Infirmary, Cork.

The death is announced of Thomas Meath, Crossboyne, at the early age of 32 Although he died in the bloom of youth, he was old in the service of his country. He was the guiding spirit of every patriotic movement in the parish for the past decade. He was the efficient secretary of the Crossboyne Land League. He got scores of pounds for the evicted tenants of the district. He was a most determined opponent of landlord tyranny, and a terror to the odious landgrabber. He was also a very religious young man, and was the head of the Sacred Heart Confraternity in his native parish for the past twelve years. He was very popular with the young men of his county for miles around. His popularity was shown by the vast procession of young men and women that walked before the remains to their last resting place in Crossboyne Churchyard. The funeral was the largest seen in the district for many years

ECONOMY FOR THE SAKE OF AN EDUCATION.

Better is economy and a good home made education, than extravagance and its concomitant ignorance.

This proverb is home-made, but it will stand the test of analysis.

Meanness is not economy, although economy is often mistaken for meanness, when the circumstances of the case are not thoroughly understood. It is well not to judge too hastily of human action. As in horse racing, it is as well not to shout before the numbers go up.

Here is a modern parable: James Lick, the California millionaire, was in his life time regarded as a very mean man. He was a cabinet-maker by trade, and with his own hands he carved and arranged the woodwork in the beautiful dining-room in the Lick house in San Francisco. He was at that time worth many millions. People saw him carving and saving a few dollars by not employing others to do it, and they said "What a mean man." Millionaire Lick wore a suit of clothes that although neat enough, probably cost less than $15 At night in the Lick house he was frequently seen going about from one hall or room to another and turning down here and there a gas jet where he thought a few cents worth of gas could be saved for the night.

Mr. Lick was frugal in his habits. He did not spend as much money on himself as did the humblest of his employes. At the same time he had millions in the bank and owned much property. People saw his frugal life, thought of all those millions and said: "What a mean man."

When he was an old man Mr. Lick died. No friendly hand save those of the hired nurse and the paid doctors, smoothed the pillow or cheered the last hours of the isolated mortal who lay in one of the upper rooms of the house his industry had created. His reputation as a mean man had kept love at a distance. This poor old man of many millions had no friends.

After he died the terms of his will were published to the world; and civilization was electrified into admiration. The chrysalis of that mean man had burst the walls of its prison and stood forth a great scientific philanthropist. Mr. Lick had done what many philosophers, savants and original seekers after truth had long dreamed of. With his many millions he had given to the world the finest observatory, with the largest and most perfect telescope in the world. His gift has been of incalculable benefit to science. It is the crowning glory of scientific America, and a source of interest and pleasure to intelligent people everywhere.

Economy has an object in view; meanness has none.

James Lick was economical for a purpose, and that grand purpose is thoroughly accomplished.

In the light of history, that solitary figure, carving the woodwork, and saving the gas, appears no longer mean, but glorified.

The mean man has crystalized into a statue of philanthrophy, whose name will reverberate along the corridors of time, as long as the record of civilization is kept.

Economize then with an object in view. And what better object than a liberal education? If you are a poor boy without advantages of school or college, you need by no means despair of a good education. It will open to you all the secrets of nature; it will teach you about men as they have been as well as of present conditions. It will enable you to answer questions that will bring wealth to you and your loved ones; it will furnish you with resources of mind whereby you need never be alone, but always surrounded by the dutiful children of your intellect

Poverty is always an advantage to a boy.

"I would not," said an eminent man, "for any money, have had money in my youth."

Poverty taught him the habits that brought wealth and success.

Economize with the purpose of educating yourself. You could even stand being called mean for a few years, if that were necessary, but with the plan we suggest to you, no self-sacrifice whatever is necessary, and not even the semblance of meanness entailed. By having in your home that library of libraries, the great Revised Encyclopædia Britannica, the only complete American edition of the unexampled work, the gates of knowledge will be opened to you; and if you apply yourself with system and diligence for a few years, there is not a college-bred man in all the land who can put you to shame.

It pays to be economical.

It pays better when that economy is for the purpose of educating yourself.

It pays best when the means to that self-education is the revised edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, for that can be brought into your home, and made your ever-ready, ever-helpful teacher for Ten Cents a Day for only a short period.

Remember our remarkable offer to send the entire 20 volumes on receipt of but one dollar, and giving you 90 days' time at the rate of only 10 cents a day to pay the balance. You can remit the money monthly by draft, check, money order, postal note or express money order.

Remember also that we send a dime Savings Bank with each order wherein you can deposit the dime each day

Local Catholic News.

A grand bazaar for the benefit of St. Francis church, on West Twelfth street, will be opened in the parochial school hall next Monday.

Brother Fabian, of Notre Dame University, and representing the *Ave Maria*, was in the city last week. He is on an extended tour of the West in the interest of the college.

The Rev. Father Turner, a well known priest of the Dominican order and a nephew of Father Hill, of the Sacred Heart church here, is reported dangerously ill in New York.

The first lecture of the season of the Union Catholic Library will be given at the rooms of the association Friday evening, Oct. 14 An attractive musical programme for the occasion is in course of preparation.

A general dispensation from abstinence has been granted to the Catholics of this country for Friday, the 21st of this month, the day set apart for celebrating the anniversary of the discovery of America.

A new church is about to be built in Harvey, where a parish has been established. The work will be in charge of the Rev. Father Jinan, of Pullman, who will also attend to the wants of the new parish till a resident pastor can be provided.

A retreat to married and young ladies will be given in the Sacred Heart Church, beginning tomorrow (Sunday) evening at 7:30 o'clock, and ending the following Sunday evening. The exercises will be at 8:30 in the morning and 7:30 in the evening, and will be conducted by one of the Jesuit priests.

The month of October is specially set apart for devotions of the holy rosary. The letter of the Holy Father directs the beads to be recited daily in every church. A plenary indulgence can be gained on the feast of the rosary, on the usual conditions; another by attending the devotions in the church ten days during the month.

The inauguration of the great organ in the Jesuit church on West Twelfth street will take place Sunday evening. The affair will be celebrated by a grand musical festival in which some well known artists will take part. Mr. Clarence Eddy will preside at the organ and will be assisted by Mr. Leo Mutter, music director. This is the largest organ in the West, having been recently rebuilt, remodeled and supplied with most important modern improvements. It contains sixty-four stops and 3,932 pipes, and will be operated by water power.

"Thank You,"

Is what Mrs. Paisley, of Newburgh, N.Y., always says to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured her of a severe case of scrofula and eczema, and she has reason to be grateful.

If you are Bilious take Hood's Pills

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A.O. H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER. } Com.

MRS CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$556 50
Capt. J. P Coan 818 Hinman street	5 00
John F Finerty	10 00
The following subscriptions have been forwarded through Mr. P. Sullivan of South Chicago, as collections made by Mr. Merrion, superintendent of the mills, South Chicago—	
John Merrion	2 00
Alexander Lacure	1 00
George Summers	1 00
William Hanlon	1 00
William Gibson	1 00
James Kelly	1 00
John Summers	1 00
Martin Hunners	50
Paul Eperd	50
Joseph Beck	50
Joseph Smith	50
Frank Krashlouez	50
Joseph Grimboutnez	25
Charles Matatz	25
Terry McCue	50
Joseph Umbuski	50
Michael Kushad	25
Michael Larkin	1 00
Thomas Pisus	25
John Dauoski	50
M. J. Gerrtyeh	50
John Erta	50
Joseph Kaminka	50
William O'Neill	50
Joseph Kulbak	50
Matthew Kelley	1 00
L. Donadale	25
John Miller	25
John Claus	25
Frank Lavney	25
John Shultz	50
Patrick Donohue	1 00
John O Brier	50
William Mathews	50
T. R. Casey	50
T. M Livingston	50
Tarnis McGovern	1 00
Michael Quney	50
Joseph Molock	50
Joseph Brier	50
William Brick	50
Anthony Jam	50
M. Lusk	50
Frank Lant	50
John Shultz	25
Peter Seine	25
Joseph O Hara	1 00
John Cummen	25
George Bunick	50
Anton Walski	50
John Trurik	50
Fred Brun	25
Thomas Frentz	25
Anton Fowinsur	25
John Tietuski	50
J. Costello	50
W. F. McGuiney	50
John Owens	25
Thomas Bryor	50
Patrick Burke	50
Patrick Hissns	25
Hugh Burns	25
Michael Maloy	25
Con Brosnahan	25
Anthony Flynn	25
Tom O Malley No. 2	50
Maurice Coffey	50
Michael Walsh	50
P. O. Walsh	25
Patrick Doherty	25
John Lyons	25
Thomas Walsh	25
M. Calahan	50
Colin McGuig	25

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Reception and Ball

The Finerty Athletic and Social club will give a reception and ball at Cline's Hall, corner Wells and Huron streets, this (Saturday) evening. A large crowd is expected, and a good time is guaranteed to all who will attend. Prof. O'Connor will furnish the music.

OBITUARY.

MRS M D FLAVIN.

THE CITIZEN deeply regrets to announce the death of Mrs. Nellie Flavin, wife of Mr. M. D. Flavin, a well-known business man and Irish American Nationalist of this city. The sad event occurred at the family residence, on Vincennes avenue, Tuesday of last week, and the interment, which was at Mount Olivet Cemetery, occurred on Friday morning. There was an immense attendance at the obsequies. High mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Father D A. Tighe, and his assistant priests, the celebrant preaching a most eloquent and touching funeral discourse after the mass. Mrs. Flavin was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Brien, and was, consequently, by birth and marriage, allied to two of the most patriotic Irish families in Chicago. Her death was occasioned by tuberculosis, from which she had suffered for a couple of years, but hope of recovery was only lately abandoned. She leaves together with her afflicted husband, parents, brothers and sisters, five children of tender years to mourn one of the best of wives and mothers. Requiescat in pace.

PERSONAL.

The will of the late Mr. John B. Bontag, an old settler, was admitted to probate on Monday. The will disposes of real estate valued over $100 000. The widow is named as executrix and is bequeathed a life estate and after her death the property is to be divided between the four children. James O'Connell is attorney for the estate.

"The Jackets Green."

[*To the Editor.*]

In last week's CITIZEN (Oct. 1), you publish a song entitled "The Jackets Green," without giving the name of the author. This, let me say, is not your fault, for the alterations and mistakes therein show that you received it from a third party—some old Fenian, doubtless, for it used to be sung in the Fenian circles, in the early days of the order. "The Jackets Green" was one of my earliest songs, and the Irish singers who know the old Irish air, "The Foggy Due"—not as our bards play it, but as Irish singers sing it, wild, defiant and sweet—were fond of singing it in the "Old Circles."

MICHAEL SCANLAN.

Washington, D. C.

[Mr. Scanlan is entirely correct, and we regret that such a mistake was made. —ED]

A. O. H.

Div. No. 6 held their usual monthly meeting on last Sunday. This Division will form part of the escort to accompany his Grace, Archbishop Feehan, to the new Bohemian Catholic church, Forty-seventh and Wood streets, which will be dedicated tomorrow (Sunday). The members of this Division will assemble at the hall of Div. 23, corner of Ashland avenue and Forty-seventh street, at 9 a. m. A special meeting of Div. 6 will be held on Sunday, Sept. 16, at 3 p. m., to complete arrangements for the Columbian parade.

M. D. O'BRIEN, Rec Sec.

WILL NOT LEAVE LOUISIANA.

What President Conrad Has to Say About the Big Lottery.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 26.—President Paul Conrad, of the Louisiana Lottery Company, was interviewed today about the dispatch regarding the company's attempt to purchase a location in the Sandwich Islands. He said: "It is a 'fake' sensation pure and simple, or a malicious concoction, designed, perhaps, to prejudice the company in the minds of the people of the United States by creating the impression that our business is to be removed from the legal restrictions and accountability it is now under by virtue of the laws of Louisiana. Were the Louisiana State Lottery Company to become a Hawaiian instead of a Louisiana concern, of course it would be practically an impossibility to enforce claims against it; whereas, being a duly chartered corporation of this State, it is amenable to the laws. Obligations can be enforced through the courts against it the same as against any lawful and responsible company."

"But what are the company's plans for the future? Might not their negotiations be carried on without your knowledge?"

"Scarcely such vast sums as are talked of are not carried in one's vest pocket nor expended by one member of a concern without consulting his associates. The owners of the Louisiana Lottery are now scattered over the globe seeking peace or pleasure, according to their condition or taste. Mr. Morris, with friends, have been for weeks cruising about on his yacht, and I doubt if any one has communicated with him on business of any description. Certainly he is not giving himself any concern about lottery business, and I repeat there is simply nothing in this alleged San Francisco story except idle gossip, so far as I know, and I think I know all the facts. The Louisiana Lottery Company will live out its allotted time as fixed by its vested rights, say a couple of years longer, doing its business here as it always has, and abiding by the popular decision in the recent contest."—*New York Times, Aug. 27.*

Good Farm Land For Sale,

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R, and has a population of about 3 000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

THE death of Cardinal Howard removes from the Sacred College the last of its English members. Manning, Newman and Howard were at one time three of its leading lights. Unlike his other two colleagues, Cardinal Howard never showed any sympathy with Ireland. Belonging, as he did, to the ancient House of Norfolk—an intensely blue blooded aristocrat by birth and training, he scorned the mere democracy, and had no liking for any political movements of a popular character. During his long residence in Rome he always helped the Errington clique in its intrigues against the Home Rule cause. In recent years his Eminence suffered from softening of the brain, and was confined to a private asylum where death came as a relief to his sufferings. It is expected that Mgr. Stonor of Rome, and Archbishop Vaughan of Westminster, are to be England's next representatives in the Sacred College. Ireland, as usual, is, it is said, to have no cardinal's hat. And yet the number of Irish Catholics all the world over exceeds by millions the numbers of English Has the Vatican taken this glaring injustice into consideration?

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Will You Go East This Fall?

If so it will be to your interest to fully acquaint yourself with the excellent train service now in effect between Chicago, Buffalo, New York, Boston and intermediate points, via the "Lake Shore Route." Through trains leave Chicago at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m., 3:10, 5:30, 7:45 and 11:30 p. m. The "Chicago and Boston Special" (10:30 a. m.) is the only complete train from Chicago through to New England. It has dining car serving meals the entire distance, is itself an excellent feature, and the equipment of the train throughout is of the very highest standard. The Chicago and New York Limited (5:30 p. m.) embodies all that is modern and novel in railway transport and has very appropriately been called "a perfect train." F. M. BYRON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 66 Clark st., C. K. WILDER, W. P. A., Chicago.

T. Shea, Tailor,
196 West Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

If you want a reliable dye that will color an even brown or black, and will please and satisfy you every time, use Buckingham's *Dye* for the Whiskers.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING,
The Artistic and Reliable
Merchant Tailor and Draper,
No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M.,
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison street,
Near Halsted.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
28 Portland Block, 107 earborn-st.
Chicago.

JAMES O'DONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block,
113 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 933.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Oaks and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $4. per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
808 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HOGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors.
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BRIEN, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy
Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
249 W. Harrison street.
Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J.
Dealer in Fancy
Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Headquarters for Imported Dilisk.
113 Erie-st., corner Market,
Chicago.

WILLIAM E. MASON, LAWRENCE M. ENNIS, ROBERT P. BATES.

MASON, ENNIS & BATES,
Attorneys-at-Law,
ROOMS 501 TO 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING,
86 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake,
CHICAGO

THE REWARD OF COLUMBUS.

To Christ he cried to quell Death's deafening measure,
Sung by the storm to Death's own chartless sea;
To Christ he cried for glimpse of grass or tree,
When, hovering o'er the calm, Death watched at leisure;
And when he showed the men, now dazed with pleasure,
Faith's new world glittering starlike on the lee,
"I trust that by the help of Christ," said he,
"I presently shall light on golden treasure."

What treasure found he? Chains and pains and sorrow—
Yea, all the wealth those noble seekers find
Whose footfalls mark the music of mankind!
'Twas his to lend a life; 'twas Man's to borrow;
'Twas his to make, but not to share, the morrow,
Who in Love's memory lives this morn enshrined.

—Theodore Watts in London Athenæum.

THE LOST MAIL BAGS

It was evening in Vladivostok. Out on the harbor the dark waters of the sea of Japan reflected the twinkling lights from half a dozen vessels lying snugly at anchor, and westward behind the town the moon shone dimly on the snowclad plains and rugged slopes of the Sikota mountains, beyond which, across the frozen waters of the Amur, stretched for thousands of leagues the great Siberian desert. Vladivostok might almost be called the "jumping off place" of the world, lying as it does on the very eastern extremity of the great Russian empire.

A few years ago it was a barren spit of land, uninhabited and forlorn. Now the Russian drum beats at sunrise, and ships of all nations float their flags in the harbor.

On this particular evening, while in the narrow street of the town all was silent save for the occasional tread of a Russian sentry, sounds of mirth and laughter floated from the brilliantly lighted windows of the long, low garrison house, for the commandant of the station was giving a dinner.

It was quite a cosmopolitan gathering that filled the long table, for among the guests were Russian, French and English naval officers, and two or three Anglo-Indians who had come up from Shanghai on the mail steamer.

The last course had been removed, and the quickened conversation that comes with the cigars had just commenced, when the commandant was summoned outside, and, when he returned a moment or two later, the most observant of the guests detected a faint shadow in his face.

The assemblage broke up at a late hour, and as the guests passed out on the way to their vessels a young French officer cried out to the commandant: "What is the matter, mon capitaine? You look sad and depressed."

Captain Shanoff laughed.

"It is nothing, Lieutenant Garcean," he replied—"nothing but the onerous burden of official duties. However, if you have on board your vessel a man with iron nerves and the bravery of an African lion you can send him to me."

The Frenchman, taking this in jest, laughed and passed on with a cheery "au revoir."

One young man, who had overheard this brief conversation, purposely lingered till the last, and as the commandant held out his hand to bid him good night he said:

"Captain Shanoff, pardon my intrusion. I heard your conversation with the Frenchman. I saw, though he did not, that you were in earnest, and now I offer you my services."

The captain looked at him in surprise.

"You are one of the passengers by the mail steamer from Shanghai?" he said.

"You are correct," said the man. "My name is Luke Mowbray, of the Indian civil service."

"And what is your object in making this proposition?" asked the captain.

"I am fond of adventure and sport," replied Mowbray. "Since leaving India I have had a dull time of it, and my chance for excitement and change will be doubly welcome."

The Russian captain stood in hesitation for a moment, and then leading the way silently to an apartment beyond the dining hall he motioned Mowbray to a seat and sat down facing him.

"Now," said Captain Shanoff, "I will explain my conversation with the Frenchman as briefly as possible. Thirty miles from here, among the Sikota mountains, there is a small detachment of Russians engaged in mining operations. Mail bags are conveyed to them twice a week by a native, who makes the return journey in two days. A month ago the carrier left Vladivostok for the encampment. He has not been heard of since. Two weeks ago a second carrier started, and he, too, has completely disappeared. For more than a month we have heard nothing of our companions. It is a profound mystery. Tonight I learn that no one can be found who will undertake to carry the mail bag. The natives here are cowards, and what few men I have, while they are good soldiers, are not the men to unravel a mystery."

"What is your theory?" asked Mowbray, "Robbers? Wild beasts? Or could they have lost their way?"

"Wild animals are scarce," said the captain. "There are no robbers in this part of Russia, and the path, while difficult, is plain."

"When should the mail bag go?" went on Mowbray.

"It came by today's steamer, and should leave early in the morning," replied Shanoff.

"Well," said Mowbray, "the adventure promises well. I will undertake to reach the encampment with the mail bag."

Captain Shanoff at first refused to listen to his proposition; but Mowbray insisted so firmly that he at last gave a reluctant consent.

Although he hesitated to incur the responsibility that would assuredly fall on his shoulders in case anything should befall the brave young fellow, he was secretly overjoyed at his good fortune, for the strange disappearance of the two natives had produced such an effect upon both natives and soldiers that no one could be found in Vladivostok who would undertake the journey.

Moreover, the captain had a grave suspicion that the native carriers might have fled into the interior with the mail bag, for strangely enough the missing men were brothers.

This suspicion, however, was of the vaguest, for what possible motive could two ignorant natives have for stealing a lot of worthless letters and fleeing into an almost uninhabited desert?

Before day broke on the following morning Luke Mowbray slipped secretly and noiselessly out of Vladivostok, and turned westward toward the pine crowned ridges of the Sikota range.

He rode the commandant's horse and wore a huge pair of boots the Russian had lent him. Before him on the saddle rested the mail bag, and in his right hand he carried a loaded revolver, ready for instant use.

It was broad daylight when he crossed the plain and rode into the mountains. He had little fear of losing his way, for Captain Shanoff had impressed the road carefully upon his mind, and to further aid him the trees were marked with an ax at short intervals.

Luke was troubled with no misgivings as his horse slowly picked his way over the frozen ground. He was one of those adventurous fellows who roam the world over seeking out strange places and untrodden paths, and he was keenly enjoying this little Siberian excursion.

Captain Shanoff had truly declared the road to be bad. For ten miles it led up and down hill, over stones and fallen trees, and more than once Luke had to dismount and lead the horse over some unusually bad spot.

About noon he reached the top of the highest ridge and made a brief halt for lunch. The valley below him was thickly wooded and was deep and narrow. The road led through it for seven or eight miles, and then, the captain had said, it crossed a gap in the mountains at a point only three miles distant from the mining camp.

It had suddenly grown colder, and the air was keen and biting as Luke rode slowly down the mountain side. The valley was wild and desolate, and Luke had to admit to himself as he spurred on his horse that it was a very uncomfortable bit of country.

For the first time in his recollection a strange feeling of uneasiness crept gradually over him, and he tried in vain to shake off its influence. To make matters worse, a fine snow began to come down and the sky grew dark and gloomy.

Luke was by no means superstitious, but the idea now took firm possession of him that some great peril was approaching, and for a moment he wished that he had not volunteered for such an uncertain piece of business. Then he grew angry with himself.

"What nonsense!" he cried half aloud.

And whipping up his horse he galloped at a swifter pace up the valley, skimming over the crusted snow, and leaping over rocks and bushes until the forest dwindled to the edge of a clearing, a long, low bit of ground, undulated with hillocks of drifted snow.

On the very edge his horse stopped and sniffed the air uneasily. Then he dashed forward with a start, almost unseating his rider.

On the frozen ground was some dark object, and as Luke with difficulty pulled his horse up short he saw, with a thrill of horror, that it was a mail bag similar to the one he carried.

It was lying half under the snow, and as he dismounted and tried to pull it loose he discovered dark red stains on the frozen crest. Horror stricken, he stood still in amazement, forgetting to pull the bag loose, when suddenly the horse pricked up his ears and began to tremble violently.

With a sudden impulse Luke threw himself back into the saddle on the instant, for far in the rear came a long, mournful howl that trembled and died away.

The mystery was solved.

Like a flash Luke realized the fate of the two mail carriers—a fate that might ere long be meted out to him, for the howl he heard was the cry of hungry wolves. Again and again it rose on the wintry air, louder and more savage. Already they scented their prey.

Driving the spurs deep Luke flashed up the valley at a blind and furious pace.

He knew too well the nature of his foes. The commandant had assured him that no wild animals frequented that part of the country. So much the worse. The hungry brutes had been driven by starvation toward the coast, and having no doubt devoured the two natives they had taken up their habitation in the valley.

Soon the howl was repeated and taken up on each side until the forest rang with their doleful sounds.

They gradually came closer, though the brave horse was thundering onward with all his strength. A little while longer and he might be saved, for already dimly through the trees Luke could see the break in the mountains.

The forest became more open, and once, turning half around in the saddle, he saw the dusky forms leaping through the bushes. A terrific howl told only too plainly that they had sighted their prey. There was the gap before him now, with the path winding over its rugged slope. The brave horse dashed up at full speed, and in an instant he had gained the summit.

But the maddened brutes were almost at his heels, and turning sharply around Luke fired at the foremost, a great, gaunt animal, with foaming jaws and bloodshot eyes. It was a good shot, for the beast tumbled over in the snow, and the rest of the pack turned on the wounded comrade and tore him to pieces. Luke was able to gain some yards.

In a moment they were after him again, full cry, as he dashed down the opposite slope, and twice turning round he fired into the midst of the pack.

There was a furious snarl and a howl of pain, but they came on unchecked.

His situation was now growing desperate, for the horse's speed was failing, and his strides growing feebler and feebler.

The wolves were a dozen yards behind and gaining fast.

Luke turned again and fired, and as he aimed to give them a second shot a dire accident befell him. The barrel of the revolver caught in the fur trimmings of his coat and dropped to the ground, leaving him absolutely at the mercy of his savage foes.

Sick with despair he made one last effort to escape, leaning forward on the horse's neck and urging the brave animal to greater speed. In a moment more horse and rider would have been overtaken and dragged to the ground, when suddenly the sound of running water reached Luke's ears, and some distance before him down the slope of the hill he saw a low, deep ravine crossing the path.

A little closer and he saw distinctly what was before him. A mountain stream, in ordinary times a mere brawling brook, but now swollen by rain to a rushing torrent, swept between two steep banks. Here was a chance for safety. If he could only leap the gulf his ravenous pursuers might be left behind.

Leaning forward on his horse's neck he urged him on with one last, despairing effort.

The brave animal thundered down the hill, still ahead of the howling pack, reached the brink of the gorge, rose without hesitation into the air and came down safely on the other side.

The wolves, rushing blindly on, plunged over the edge of the precipice, and though some of them perished on the sharp rocks, the remainder, struggling down into a deep pool some yards below, swam through the icy waters to the bank, and struggling to the top took up the chase again as though nothing had happened.

Luke, fifty yards in front by this time, looked back just as the topmost wolf came in sight over the bank, followed by half a dozen more in quick succession.

His heart sank within him, and for a moment he was tempted to give up the struggle.

As the horse, startled by the renewed howling of the pursuing pack, dashed off again, trembling and perspiring, Luke's eye caught the sight of a dark object lying on the snow ahead of him. It was a rifle, the lost property no doubt of one of the native mail carriers.

Guiding the horse directly toward it he leaned down suddenly from the saddle and as he rushed past made a quick snatch at it.

The horse swerving at this critical moment he missed his aim, and foolishly making a second attempt overbalanced himself, and with a cry of horror shot headforemost into the snow, while his riderless horse thundered on his course.

For a second Luke lay stunned and dizzy, the howling of the wolves ringing faintly in his ears. Then, pulling himself upright, he looked eagerly around him.

Horror upon horrors! The foremost wolf, a great, gaunt creature, with blood red jaws, was nearly upon him. Now, seeing his prey so still, defenseless—within his grasp at last—the brute came stealthily forward, with sneaking tread.

Luke shouted at him, but the wolf only growled. Picking up the rifle, he snapped it in vain, and then, seizing it by the barrel, he swung it around his body.

With a furious spring the wolf was upon him. He dimly saw the glaring eyes close to his own, felt the hot breath on his neck, and then heard a blinding, deafening report ringing close to his ears, after which he knew no more.

Strange faces were bending over him when he regained consciousness. His rescuers were the Russians from the mining camp, who had hastened to his aid when the first bullets were fired. A fortunate shot had killed Luke's assailant in the nick of time, and the remainder of the pack, cheated of their human prey, had gone on in pursuit of the horse.

Luke was carried to the camp—it was only two miles away—and by the following day he was feeling himself again.

The mystery was cleared up at last. The fate of the two natives was only too clear, and in addition one of the Russians from the camp had doubtless met the same death, for he had made an attempt to reach Vladivostok a week before and had not been heard from since.

Half a dozen of them ventured out fully armed, and found all the mail bags and the bones of Luke's poor horse. No trace of the two luckless natives was discovered, and nothing was seen of the wolves either. Probably the remnant of the pack had been frightened out of the neighborhood.

Two days later, Luke was escorted back to Vladivostok, and was eagerly welcomed by Captain Shanoff, who was overjoyed to see him safe and sound.

The commandant wished the brave young fellow to spend some time with him, but Luke declined. He had seen quite enough of Siberia, and the next steamer took him back to Shanghai, for he was more than satisfied with his experience with Russian wolves.—New York Recorder.

A Smart Dog.

Mrs. Roberts, of Waterville, Me., owns a dog which is entitled to rank with any of them in point of intelligence. During an absence of the owner from home the dog was left in care of neighbors, who in turn went on a vacation, taking the animal with them. This was not agreeable to his dogship, and he started overland from one of the coast towns in Knox county for home. Night overtook him at Liberty, and he went to the Sanford House, like any traveler, to put up. His collar revealed his identity, and he was properly cared for and in the morning sent on his way rejoicing, reaching home in due season.—Bangor Commercial.

Timely Warning.

Bob Stayer—Well, I believe I must be going.

Miss Weery—Perhaps you had better. The signal service predicts rain for tomorrow.—Kate Field's Washington.

INDIAN STRATAGEM.

HOW GERONIMO FOOLED A SQUAD OF UNCLE SAM'S CAVALRYMEN.

A Band of Apaches Burrowed Into the Blistering Sand and Lay in Wait Until the Soldiers Came Up—They Are the Only Indians That Can Do It.

I saw Geronimo and a dozen of his Apaches do something in Arizona in 1887 which I never would have believed possible had I not witnessed it with my own eyes.

The Apaches are unquestionably the most dreaded tribe of Indians on the continent. They are tougher, more enduring and more unconquerable than any other of their race. An Apache can lope up the side of a mountain with the thermometer marking 120 degs., and when he reaches the top he won't show a drop of extra perspiration, nor will he breathe a whit faster than when he started.

He will go for days without a morsel of food or a drop of water; he will live on snakes, mice and refuse, or, if the worst comes to the worst, will shoot his horse and eat what he wants of him raw. Set out to pursue a band of Apache raiders, and if they are hard pressed they will separate, each for himself, so that the only way to keep up the pursuit is to follow them individually, in which case the Apache is sure to have the best end of the contract. When the hunt is over the dusky miscreants will come together at some point twenty or thirty or more miles away.

There were twenty-five of us cavalrymen returning from one of our fruitless pursuits of the terrible Geronimo. Our horses were worn out, and so were we. It was one of the hottest days I have ever known in that throbbing furnace of a country. We had several miles of baked alkali plain still to traverse before reaching the fort, where we could secure shade and water, and what we needed most of all—rest.

Whew! but it was hot! Had not the air been perfectly dry neither man nor beast could have stood it. The metal work on our guns was so heated that no one could bear to touch it with the naked hand. The air shimmered and throbbed as it does over a newly plowed field at noontide of a summer day.

North, east, south and west was one level stretch of plain, on which not a tree, shrub or even a blade of grass grew. Far to the westward could be seen the outlines of the fort, oddly distorted through the quivering atmosphere, but in every other direction was the naked, burning desert.

We were strung along for a distance of several hundred yards. In fact there was a squad of five horsemen much farther than that in the rear. All the animals were plodding slowly through the sand, which it seemed to me was hot enough to roast eggs, their heads drooping, while we were simply enduring it, grimly closing our teeth, holding out to reach the post.

Was there anything to be apprehended from Geronimo? Could we old campaigners be entrapped? Low, level sands on every hand. Well, right there in the midst of that flaming plain, with its horrible sandy waste, in which no spear of grass could find root, that frightful chieftain and his Apaches ambuscaded us. It sounds incredible, but it is a fact.

Suddenly I heard rifle firing at the rear. It had a dull, odd sound, but it was close at hand, and as I turned in the saddle I saw that the squad farthest away were engaged in a desperate fight with a party of Indians, who were on foot, shooting, striking and darting hither and thither like so many demons.

We instantly wheeled and hurried back as fast as we could to the help of our comrades, but before we could reach them three saddles were emptied, and Geronimo and his warriors were scurrying across the plain at a greater speed than any to which we could force our exhausted ponies, who sank to their fetlocks at every step. We gave them a parting volley, which wounded several, but they managed to limp off with the help of others, and all were soon beyond danger. I don't know how far they traveled off over that burning desolation, but it may have been many miles, for they were capable of doing it if they chose.

These Apaches must have discovered our approach while we were a good way off. Knowing we were on our return to the post they could easily calculate where we would pass. Then they burrowed in the sand, covering themselves entirely with the blistering particles, so that only their snakelike eyes peered forth. Thus we passed within a few rods of them without suspecting their presence.

In conversation with General Crook about the extraordinary incident, that old campaigner smiled and replied:

"I am not surprised. I have seen them do the same thing myself, but the Apache is the only Indian that can do it."—Chicago Mail.

Richard Anderson, employed as a switchman in the Missouri Pacific yards at Sedalia, Mo., was pulling a coupling pin when he fell beneath a car and was run over. Both limbs were amputated and he died of his injuries.

During a fight at a Mexican fandango near Kyle, Tex., Tom Porter was shot, two Mexicans were killed and one was fatally injured.

Watson & Meyer's jewelry store in Pekin, Ills., was robbed of a valuable lot of watches and rings.

In Boston a few years ago they spoke of "Billy" Russell as the son of the Hon. Charles Theodore Russell, but now they allude to the Hon. Charles Theodore as the "father of the governor."

When Lieutenant Peary reports officially to the navy department he will probably be assigned to service at League island, which means Philadelphia. He is a civil engineer.

Fred Markham of Gerard township, Mich., was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun while hunting.

Jesse Price of Seymour, Ind., had a leg cut off by a Pahhandle freight train. He was taken to the hospital at Columbus, where he died. It is said he bled to death.

Pulled Out of His Boat by a Fish.

I am more and more convinced that it is not wise on all occasions to question a tall fish story—a story that on its face seems, to put it mildly, very improbable. Thomas Jefferson, of Stillwater, N. Y., was fishing in the Hudson river and returned home wet to the skin and said that he hooked a big fish which pulled him into the water from the boat, and very promptly the man with the historic name was classed as an A1 fish liar. A day or two ago a pike of twenty-seven pounds weight was found dead or dying in the river, and in its mouth was found Thomas Jefferson's spoon hook, and attached to his hook was his line. The fisherman had told the truth. He was standing up in his boat and the fish caught him off his balance and pulled him in.

I personally knew of a fishing companion being pulled into the water in something the same way by a lake trout of less than half the weight of the pike. The angler hooked the fish and attempted to stand up in the boat. He was cold and cramped from sitting and the lake was rough, and over he went. The funny part of it was that his boatman, who was looking ahead, did not see him go overboard, nor did he hear him. The boat felt lighter and, looking around, the oarsman found himself alone in the boat and it was more than a mile to shore. The boat was backed up and the angler caught the gunwale with one hand and clung to his rod with the other, and fish and fisherman were both saved.—Forest and Stream.

Ernest Renan.

An enchanting and multiform artist in ideas, a curious mind implanted in an amorphous body, M. Renan offers in his writings a brilliant monument of concrete skepticism and a complete exposition and apology of that dilettanteism which is certainly ravaging the intellectual classes of modern France. We say "ravaging" intentionally, because great and exquisite as may be the joys procured by dilettanteism, they are of a noncreative and unvirile kind. Indeed, if we had not imposed upon ourselves the impersonal attitude of the compiler of an inventory we should be tempted to call attention to the harmony of M. Renan's physical and intellectual personality, and to compare that great shapeless body to some huge polype or anemone, floating helplessly in the sea of probabilities, rising or sinking, inclining to the right or to the left, as instinct, or a ray of sunlight, or the hazards of a current may inspire; but in any case merely floating and otherwise incapable of choosing a direction and following it.

So M. Renan's mind, thanks to multiform appreciation combined with vast inattention, is amused and fascinated by the many sidedness of phemomena. It sees at once ten or twenty phases, and being incapable of the effort necessary to decide which is the best, it sinks back into the joys of submarine mirage, and reflects the beauty of things on its polychrome facets that have the prismatic and illusory charm of sea flowers.—Theodore Child in Harper's.

When Man Was in Darkness.

Man was once in comparative darkness when the sun went down. His primitive habitation was a place of rest, unlighted by the oil which prolongs the hours of labor, doubles the speed of progress and shortens life. After ages of groping about—feeling for the keyhole on the wrong side of the door, so to speak—he stumbled on the fact that fat would make a light. Looking around for something to hold the fat the skulls of animals were found useful, and so the antediluvian discovered the principle of portable illumination.

From skulls and seashells light proceeded to vessels of burned clay, dishlike, with wicks of flax, rushes and other fibers. Many of these primitive lamps have been found in the ruins of Pompeii, Herculaneum and elsewhere, but the invention of the lamp is supposed to belong to the ancient East Indians. Until the beginning of the Nineteenth century there was little improvement in lamps. The candle kept humanity in semidarkness, which was relieved by the introduction of mineral oil, which stimulated invention and brought about the lamp of beauty and utility of the present.—Mechanical News.

The Size of the Gulf Stream.

People think the Mississippi a great stream, and it is so in truth, so far as land rivers go, but great as it is it would require 2,000 such rivers to make one Gulf Stream. The great ocean river is an irresistible flood of water, running all the time, winter and summer, and year after year. It is as difficult for the mind to grasp its immensity as it is to realize the distance of the nearest stars.

At its narrowest part in the Straits of Florida it is thirty-nine miles wide, has an average depth of 2,000 feet and a velocity at the axis—the point of fastest flow—of from three to more than five miles per hour. To say that the volume in one hour's flow past Cape Florida is 90,000,000,000 tons in weight does not convey much to the mind. If we could evaporate this one hour's flow of water and distribute the remaining salt to the inhabitants of the United States, every man, woman and child would receive nearly sixty pounds.—Detroit Free Press.

Oscar Wilde's Little Joke.

Oscar Wilde does not appear to have lost his nimble wit. At a dinner party in London the other night the coffee had been sipped and the men were becoming weary of the tardiness in bringing on the cigarettes. Suddenly some one remarked that a lamp was smoking. "Happy lamp!" exclaimed Oscar, and the hostess took the hint.—Exchange.

A Clamdigger's Earnings.

The Chincoteague clamdigger works during the greater part of the year, and a very spry man in a spot where clams are thick can tread out a great many hundred in a day. Clams fetch from $1 to $1.50 per 1,000 at Chincoteague, which seems a great deal for the money when one thinks of clam chowder at a fashionable restaurant.—New York Sun.

HER FELLOW PASSENGERS STARED.

But the Huge Bug Crawling on Her Shoulder Was a Pet One, Securely Tied.

A fair haired girl of eighteen, with large blue eyes and a singularly attractive face, furnished a heap of entertainment for the passengers who were riding down town in a crowded car on the Sixth avenue elevated train Thursday morning. The girl boarded the train at the Twenty-eighth street station at 9 o'clock. She wore a gown of some plaid stuff in neat pattern. The waist was cut low at the neck and held up at the shoulders by small silk straps. It was filled in about the throat with puffs of snowy tulle that fitted tight around the neck. A neat leather satchel slung over her left shoulder with a strap completed her sightly attire. She had scarcely stepped into the car when a gentleman caught sight of her pretty face, and rose instantly and with a low bow surrendered his seat on one of the cross benches.

Five minutes later everybody in the car was watching the girl with absorbed interest. It wasn't on account of her winsome face either. A large Brazilian bug, with a brilliant shell, that crawled slowly along the surface of the tulle puffing at her throat, had caught their eyes. Passengers near by quickly detected that the bug was fastened to the waist of her gown by a tiny gold chain. The bug climbed several times over the top of the puffing upon the girl's white neck. The tickling caused by its feet apprised her of the fact, and each time she tenderly lifted the insect up and replaced it upon the tulle. She saw the passengers staring at her in astonishment, but paid no attention to their scrutiny.

When the train reached Eighth street an elderly woman got on and sat down in a seat directly opposite the handsome girl. She caught sight of the Brazilian bug a minute or two later. It startled her so that she started up from her seat. Then she stared around at the other passengers for a minute with a dazed look. Finally, unable longer to control her agitation, she got up, crossed the car and put her lips to the ear of the self possessed girl.

"Excuse, me, miss," she exclaimed in an agitated whisper, "but you have a queer fly crawling on your dress."

Many of the passengers roared outright at the announcement, and the old lady blushed and sank back into her seat in confusion. The handsome girl smiled sweetly and looked at the old lady with quiet nonchalance.

"Don't get nervous, madam," she said. "I know the bug is there. It can't get away;" and she caught it up and let the tiny gold chain and manacles dangle an instant to show that the insect was a prisoner.

A well dressed man who had been gazing at the girl for a long time turned to a reporter who sat beside him and said:

"That's a common enough fad in India, where young women have a fancy for fastening pet Brazilian bugs to their dresses, but it is the first time I ever saw the odd fashion copied in this city, at least in public. It's a mere whim, and it might become a craze. You can't tell about such things, you know."

The pretty girl got off at the Battery place station, and tripping lightly down stairs to the street strolled through Battery park. Pedestrians stopped and turned about and stared after her, but no one spoke to her and she spoke to no one. Her bearing was ladylike, but she often smiled slightly at the surprise of those who passed her.—New York Sun.

The Young Ideas.

The following are some answers from the examination papers of a class of schoolgirls between the ages of twelve and sixteen years:

Lawn is a soft stuff made from the wool of the lawn, an animal in South America. It is also part of the flesh of the cow or sheep, the rib part. Shoddy is a drink made from a mixture of ale and sugar. It is the leather before it goes through the process of making into boots and shoes, and for this reason is called shoddy. It is the flesh near the foot of any animal. It is a kind of whisky. Wincey is the wool off an animal which lives in America; the lamen is its name. Calico is a good heat conductor, because it catches fire very easily. If a print dress is dried outside it must be careful not to be left in the sun.

Calendered means turned from one kind of species into another. It is things which are the shape of a calender, like our bodies. It means preserved with sugar. It means taking the dirt out of water. It means increased or getting heavier. It is a medicine or drug. It is boiling anything by means of steam. It means chewing the food well to make it fit to enter the body. It means the sum of a whole for a certain period of time.—London Journal of Education.

The Sport of Fortune.

Inventors are proverbially the sport of fortune. A poor fellow of this class named Jobson was once a boarder in a house on Washington place, New York. He had invented a lot of clever things which were of no use to anybody, and he was very hard up. The landlady was a kindly soul and she did not press him for a long time, but at last his debt was so large and his hope of paying it so small that he vanished from the house. Two months later, in the middle of winter, the man reappeared and begged shelter for the night. In his old room he committed suicide. At that very moment an advertisement appeared in a paper calling on Jobson by name to go west and claim his share of a relative's great fortune.—Exchange.

A New Trick.

Old Fogy Proprietor—Why did you treat that shabbily dressed woman so coolly?

Sharp Clerk—You noticed I sold to her, didn't you?

"Yes."

"And the article didn't really suit her?"

"I noticed that."

"She bought it because she thought I thought she couldn't afford it."—New York Weekly.

HOW MACARONI IS MADE.

It is Eaten So Much Here That a New Industry Has Been Started.

Macaroni has taken a strong hold on the affections of food eating Americans, among whom New Yorkers are conspicuous. It is nutritious, digestible and palatable; also provides exercise and amusement.

The quantity consumed in this city during the past year, according to restaurant keepers, is in excess of the consumption of previous years to a remarkable extent. In view of these facts some Americans have sensibly taken to manufacturing macaroni. Whether the home-made product or the foreign is preferable will appear in time. It has at least the advantage that it is entirely machine made, and no such horrible suggestions apply to the American article as to the other.

One concern in this city has been making macaroni by the ton—or perhaps by the mile would more correctly convey the idea. A visit to the factory the other day brought to light many facts connected with the manufacture of this article. The art of making macaroni involves a somewhat intricate and tedious process—that is, American macaroni. The ingredients, so far as the superintendent was at liberty to make them known without giving away any of the tricks of the trade, consist of farina made from the very best hard wheat grown in Minnesota, Kansas and North Dakota. The grain is reduced to a farina of five wholly different grades and then mixed up in one common quality. These farinas are selected with regard to their glutinous properties, as that is the chief essential in the making of the paste from which the "pipe-stems" are formed. This farinois is made into a paste as hard and glutinous as india rubber.

The paste is first put through a mixer; then in a circular trough, around which a 2-ton granite roller revolves. This takes out any moisture that may remain in the paste after leaving the mixer. Then when thoroughly rolled it is lined around the sides of another circular trough and two cone shaped cogwheels proceed to knead and cut the paste in pieces, taking out the flaky veins and giving an equally smooth and glutinous body throughout. From the grinder the paste is ready to go to the cylinders, which turn it out perfect macaroni.

It is put in at the top of a round cylinder, the interior of which resembles the interior of a Gatling gun or the cylinder of a revolver. Through these holes run small rods which make the holes in the macaroni. As it comes slowly out of the bottom of the cylinder the man operating the machine spreads it over a clean board, and when a certain length has been spun out it is cut up and laid aside to allow more to follow. This is placed on drying boards on an upper floor, and for ten days it is kept on these boards, when it is ready for boxing and selling.

The spaghetti is made in exactly the same way, the only difference being that the cylinders which shape the stems are smaller. This same paste is also made into all sorts or shapes for using in soup, such as letters, figures, stars, animals and "elbows," or what the French call "coudes." They resemble exactly an elbow of a stovepipe.—New York World.

Incentives to Exploration.

Every year the hunt for the precious metals and the shining stones grows sharper until the plateau of Thibet and the farther isles of the eastern archipelago are almost the only likely places where the agents of European firms are not inquiring and prospecting and sending home concrete evidences that, if enough is spent and a sufficient area of unknown territory is diligently examined, there may be solid returns. The emerald seekers of Ecuador know the paths of its mountains better than geographers, and the hunters for gold will make known every ravine of the vast region between Cape Colony and Lake Nyassa.

Every year the demand for wood drives importers into more distant forests, while the enthusiasts of botany and ornithology are ransacking regions into which it was recently supposed to be death to enter. The Phœnicians of our day number whole tribes, and they are penetrating everywhere, exactly like their old prototypes, in search of spoils. Nothing stops the explorers for gain and another party will follow them yet, not longing for minerals or new drugs, but for great estates. Australia was not explored for exploration's sake, but to find lands fit to support great herds, and so will Africa be and the eastern archipelago.

The competition for great fortunes grows bitterly sharp, and this is a road on which adventurers need only daring, a certain capacity for command, and a resolve to explore such as was displayed in New South Wales by the Wentworths, who, twice beaten by the mountains, went on a third time, to become great nobles in the southern world.—London Spectator.

An Attractive Way of Placing Pictures.

Over the narrow colonial mantel of a young matron's room in her pretty suburban home is arranged a collection of what she calls "my treasures." The "treasures" are pictures of her two little daughters, taken at various stages of their short earthly careers of three and five years respectively, and arranged in irregular grouping around a central photograph of her husband.

"I had the wall above the mantel left unpainted when the house was built last year," the wife and mother explained, "and one of the carpenters paneled the space under my directions. Some smooth laths, stained to match the woodwork, furnished the frames, and I am sure I could have done the work myself except that the men were around and it was not necessary. It seemed to me such a good way to keep these pictures always in my sight, and I enjoy them every day without effort."

It should be further recorded that in the library of this home its owner pretitly returns his wife's compliment by hanging a lovely crayon sketch of her over his desk.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

CURED

"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that

Consumption

had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Historic Expressions.

The mace is an emblem of authority and use in our congress as well as in the English parliament, and though it is merely a symbol it commands respect; but it was never so insulted as when Oliver Cromwell stalked into the English house to disperse the members and dissolve the parliament. The mace lay in its regular place, and when Cromwell saw it he must have sneered at the petty symbol, for he called one of his soldiers and ordered, "Take away that bauble." So, as the mace was carried out, the doors were locked and parliament effectually dissolved.

The message of Commodore Perry is better known. The battle of Lake Erie had taken place, and the British fleet were defeated. Then the commodore sent to General Harrison, grandfather of the present president, his famous dispatch. "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." It was but a little longer than Cæsar's, "I came, I, saw, I conquered."

An English general, however, made the record for brevity when, after he had conquered the province of Scinde, in India, he sent a punning dispatch in the one word, Peccavi, which, as our young Latin students know, means, "I have sinned."—Harper's Young People.

The Advantages of Old Costume.

We should like to call attention not only to the picturesqueness, but to the convenience of the male costume during the first twenty-five years of the Sixteenth century. Many of our doctors are assuring us that an extraordinary amount of pulmonary disease is due to the fact that men are in the habit of going about of an evening much more lightly dressed than during the daytime, wearing waistcoats of a thinner material and open in front upon the chest, precisely the part of the body which should be most protected.

Now the doublet screens the chest from every wind, and can be made of the lightest material in summer and of the heaviest in winter. It is quite true that the legs were more exposed than they are at present; but at the same time if we study minutely the drawings and engravings of the Sixteenth century we observe that in winter the men are represented as either wearing worsted stockings, gaiters, or long boots.—London Saturday Review.

Ma's Boy Talks.

Mrs. Gaddabountt—Has your ma called on those new neighbors yet?

Boy—No, an she won't neither. She says they wouldn't 'a' returned your call af they'd been anybody worth knowing. —Good News.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

P. J., Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st; John T Kelly, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M P, 145 Moore st.; Charles Lamrale, H C.; Stephen Conley, J C.; James Kelley, H S.; [illegible], O S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

P J Cahill, John T Kelly, J J Dillon, Henry Detmer, Dr M Brand, John C Schubert, T H Cannon, Ludger Drolet, J F Scanlan, John Bednorz, N A Kirschten.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 130 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Symon, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 3 Smeet st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh F Moran, F S; Henry Fowers, Treas; Dr Wm O'King, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—J T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; P M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C F. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday, Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 15th st; T J Mercer, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C F. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry S Hewson, R S; W J Erler, F S; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 112th st; Wm A Hoppe, R S, 327 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 198 Napoleon place; R B Brady, R S, 503 35th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Cullian, C F. Meet at hall 1441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 23d st; W G Brennan, R S, 139 23d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 26 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C F; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3023 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C F. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George E Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 451 W Ohio st; D B Hanson, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Mikel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 263 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Seager, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C F. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Treacy, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 454h and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Knehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 260 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sexton, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F H Meninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C F. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2261 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21, South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; P McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Landis, C F. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—P Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 795 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E H Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C F. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legenia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lavreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C F. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 158 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 338 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomasta, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Symon, C F. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Wetz, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C F. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Paxel, C R, 268 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Hoiden, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtenah, C R, 941 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C F. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Bocol hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] st; Dr J T Stanton, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 156 Hudson av; M J Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jos P Buck, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 95 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krupp, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Nash, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 449 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 238 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Beegane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C F. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C F. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty-fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieskt, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 38 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ava.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degnise, F S; John B Drouin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; R P Merrah, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 567 W Chicago av; J H Heller, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 351 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C F. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 450 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C F. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2817 Emerald av; C Hirschbach, F S; Chas Trasacht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Hanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brusciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 226 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jamison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 648 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3616 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C F. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; H H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, L. Hensly, 27th st. and Lake Shore, Chicago.

State Secretary, J. F. Brennan, 1219 West Chestnut st, Bloomington, Ill.

State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison st., at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Fitzgerald, 3623 Fifth av.

County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 433 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, D. Kirby, 466 W. Erie st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—J. J. Adamson, Pres, 332 W Fourteenth st; Mic'l Fogarty V P; Edward Quinn, R S, 373 Ashland av; Christopher McLaughlin, F S; Jeremiah O'Brien, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday each month at 7:30 p. m. at 188 Blue Island av.

Div. No. 2—D F Murphy, Pres., Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon V. P.; E. F. Brennen, Rec. Sec., Grand Crossing; A. Harmon, Fin. sec.; Patrick J. O'Sullivan, Treas.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Wm. J. L. Fy, Rec. Sec; Wm. Hede, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month in Society Hall, Ogden and Western ave.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins 831 S. Halsted st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; Daniel Corcoran, Rec. Sec.; Peter F. Radigan, Fin. Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—F. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; E. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—William Sullivan, Pres., 130 Lytle st.; Patrick Carmody, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec., 3442 Marst Bold av; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec; Mark Riordan, Treas. Meet at 445 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 267 Michigan st; M. Doyle, V. P.; D. J. Mahoney Rec Sec; P. J. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec., James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p m, cor Clark and Michigan sts.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., S. Chicago; P. C. Finer, V. P.; Thomas White, Rec Sec, S Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T. Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—John B. O'Connor, Pres., 4722 Bishop st; James Small, V. P.; Denis O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; Patrick O'Brien, Fin sec.; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month, Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av. 3 p m.

Div. No. 11—D. Kirby, Pres., 466 W Erie st; B. F. Lynch, V.-P.; T. J. Lamb, Rec. Sec., 578 W Erie st.; M. J. Bradshaw, Fin. Sec.; M. J. Corcoran, Treas. Meets 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts. 8 p m.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P.; Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 8 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Lawrence Hendy; Rec. Sec., F. J. Conroy, 433 35th st; Fin. Sec, William Houlihan; Treas., Michael Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh-st. and Armour av.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3902 Parnell av; V-P., Daniel Daly; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert, 329 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Jeremia O'Hern; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first Thursday of each month at 3:30 S. Halsted st., at 8 p m.

Div. No. 20—W. J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; John B. Geoghegan, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 4004 Ashland av; M. Ryan, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace Treas. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m. at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., John Kerrigan, Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 345 Bridbol st; Fin. Sec., James A Walsh; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m. at Shields' hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 23—Pres, James Dolan, Pullman; V P, Wm J Carroll; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter J Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at 8 p m. in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 25—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3812 Lowe av; V P, T. P. Doyle; Rec sec, James Gannon, 3756 Union av; Fin sec, Michael Hughes; Treas, M. Mavenaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Emerald av.

Div. No. 26—Pres, John J Keating, 5637 Jackson av; V. P., W. A. Cannes, Rec. Sec., W. M. Meehan, 6835 Stoney Island av; Fin. Sec., P. D. Ryan; Treas., J. J. Ryan. Meet 2d and 4th Fr days at 8 p m, at 5447 Wentworth av.

Div. 27—Pres, John P Downey, 6359 Honore V P, Thos Kelly; Rec Sec Michael McDermott, 6136 Wallace st; Fin Sec, M H Hoey; Treas, C. Mellarney. Meet 2d Sunday each month in St. Bernard's hall, 66th st. at 3 p m.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.

President, Rev. F. G. Lentz, Tipton, Ind.

First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.

Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.

Secretary, J. B. McCulley, Pittsburg, Pa.

Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.

Marshal, Henry Britt, Girard, O.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

ST. STEPHENS BRANCH No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

KNIGHTS OF ST PATRICK.

President, J. H. Carmody; V.-P., William Horgan; Rec Sec., J. H. Howard; Fin. Sec., Wm. Tobin; Treas., F. J. Kennedy; Knight Commander, John Byrne; V. Kt Com. John Tobin; Sergt-at-Arms, D. J. Solon. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p. m. in Temperance Hall, cor Taylor and Miller sts.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laureace Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.

Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 548 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.

John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patten, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. Y. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 2010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dan Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2004 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 86 E S. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.

Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 304 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av Chicago.

Vice-President, James Walsh, Springfield, Ill.

Secretary, John Mulvihill, 376 W. Erie st, Chicago.

Treasure John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.

Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.

County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st, vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Brackett st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec J J Quinn, 2328 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet 3rd Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

OFFICERS OF THE ARCHDIOCESAN TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

President, H. J. McGuire, 3133 Wentworth-av.

Vice-President, Walter J. Gibbons, 18 North Franklin-st.

Secretary, J. J. Garrity, 41 N. Carpenter-st.

Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 42 Pine st.

Marshal, J. Doyle, 2294½ E. Huron-st.

FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 631 W. Lake-st. Pres, William J. Lamey, 7 Stuart-st.; V.-P., John Daley, Rec. Sec., J. E. Clancy, 243 N. Wood-st. Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas., Wm. Clow. Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, John E. McBennett.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at new hall 309 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month at 8 p. m. President, David Barry, 22 Plum-st.; 1st V.-P., Michael Kenny; 2nd V.-P., J. J. Barry Sec'y, J. J. Hackett, 309 W. Taylor-st.; Ass't Sec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B SOCIETY Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Cush, Pres dent, 98 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., — Foley; 2nd V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor, 519 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Ass't Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hare. Marshal, E. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1870. Meets on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in Sodality hall, corner May and Eleventh-sts Pres. John W. Clancy, 401 S May st.; V.-P. Martin O'Connell; Rec., James Cleary, 362 Maxwell st.; Fin. Sec., Alex Orins; Treas., William Colbert; Marshal, James F. Gallagher.

ANNUNCIATION T. A. SOCIETY—Meets every Tuesday evening in School hall, Wanbansia av and Commercial st. Pres, Thos L. Hogan; V-P, John F. Cunneen; Rec Sec, John Nash, 229 Elston av.; Fin Sec, E. J. Mahony; Treas, John J. Cullinan; Marshal, Ernest Wittleben; Sergt-

Two Foolish Men.

Among the most interesting visitors at the outlying summer resorts are the rural business men who run down from town to see the sights. They have money and are persons of consequence at home. One of their most important duties is to go through the dinner. They have expected to find a waiter behind every chair, and fancy they are neglected if their orders are not attended to immediately. Two of them, already annoyed at the delay, had everything the bill of fare could offer but the black pepper. That was at the other end of the table, and the waiter was gone.

Neither would take up knife or fork without the pepper. They fumed and fretted. They vowed they would never come to that hotel again. They wouldn't come there for $10,000. They wouldn't spend a summer at any fashionable watering place for money. They made themselves so unhappy that a neighbor made an effort and got them the pepper. But it was too late to restore their spirits. When the waiter endeavored to serve them again eagerly, and with circumstance, one exclaimed:

"Oh, yes; you're in a great hurry now. Don't jump around so; you make me nervous."

Finally the other laid down his knife and fork and said solemnly: "I feel like I'm robbing my wife and children eating such an expensive dinner. It's the way men ruin themselves when they ought to be laying up money in the bank."

Thus these two poor men struggled through the meal, torturing themselves with every mouthful, and simply because their little bundles of self love were hurt at not getting the black pepper the moment they wanted it.—New York Evening Sun.

Fickle Fortune.

The stage offers many instances of a shocking fortune. Mr. Braton Robins, an old actor, whose recollections of half a century on the stage were published in part some time ago, had the one great chance of his life when he was in the very direst straits. He had been a super, and had advanced into the more dignified rank of the recognized actor. For some days he had been living on bread and water, and he was weak and ill.

Then news came to him that Mr. Betty had declined his part at Drury Lane. Mr. Robins was sent for. The play was "Richelieu," and he had never appeared in it. Shylock was his favorite character, and he begged that the play might be changed. But this could not be done, and in twenty-four hours the unknown actor had to learn the enormous part. He sat up all night, and next morning he was letter perfect, but he had eaten nothing, and his excitement would not allow him to sleep.

When the curtain went up for the opportunity which gave him chance for renown, his privations told their tale. His voice deserted him, the performance was a failure, and at the close he was taken away to bed and a long period of sickness. Thus in the very moment of his success Dame Fortune showed how fickle she could be.—Dramatic Letter.

It is claimed that the little steam yacht Yankee Doodle, which was burned at Philadelphia recently, made the fastest mile of any craft afloat. Last July 4 she steam a mile in 2 minutes and 13⅕ seconds. The boat was fifty feet long, with a six foot six inch beam.

Baptiste, the Indian pilot known by all American tourists who have passed down the rapids of the St. Lawrence, died a few days ago, aged 82. He was the first Indian to run a boat down the rapids.

TELEPHONE NO. 3258. ESTABLISHED 1880.

UNION STEAM BOILER WORKS

JAS. LEONARD, Prop.,

Manufacturer of

Marine, Stationary & Locomotive Boilers, Tanks, Water Towers and Sheet Iron Work.

36, 38, 40 AND 42 S. INDIANA ST., CHICAGO.

Repair Work of All Kinds a Specialty. Orders will receive Prompt Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

JOHN BEEGAN,

HATTER AND PARADE FURNISHER,

All kinds of Uniforms, Athletic Goods, Racing and Sporting Shoes, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods, Silk Badges for Balls, Picnics, and Parades, Regalias, Sashes, Gold, Silver and Metal Badges and Medals, Banners, Flags, and Firemen's Supplies.

228 SOUTH HALSTED ST.

CHICAGO, ILL. TELEPHONE 4092.

PENSION CLAIMS.

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

U. S. Pension and Claim Agent,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

John Naghten & Co.

Agents Virginia Fire & Marine Insurance Company of Richmond, Va.

181 LA SALLE ST.

TELEPHONE 523. CHICAGO, ILL.

CALL AND PAY A DEposit and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,

Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.

134 WEST MADISON ST.

OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

SPECIAL.

EASY PAYMENTS OR CASH.

Gents' Suits, Ready Made or Made to Order. Facilities First Class. Prices guaranteed 25 per cent less than anywhere, we can afford it, owing to lack of expenses. Watches and Diamonds. Everything Ladies' Apparel. Furniture and Pianos. Boys' Suits.

JAMES T. CLARKE, Manager.

112 S. CLARK-ST.

Rooms 526 & 528. Chicago Opera House.

TELEPHONE 2456.

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY

COR. WELLS AND HURON-STS.

Classes Tuesday and Thursday Evenings admission 25c; private lessons $1.00; dancing every Sunday night under the management of FRANKEL & REICHART.

Lodge Halls to rent.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	90c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	20c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	30c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?

SEXTON, The Tea Man.

20 & 22 State street.

Branches. {60 Chicago av. 280 Blue Island av.

Furniture, Stoves,

Carpets and Parlor Goods.

HENRY STUCKART,

2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.

WANTED

Men, Women, and Boys everywhere to hand out circulars at $3 per 1,000. Address at once, inclosing stamp, to THE UNION ADVERTISING BUREAU, Windsor, Ont.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY, 916 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING.

ESTATE OF JOHN B. SONTAG, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John B. Sontag, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November A. D. 1892, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 5 1892.

MARY SONTAG, Executrix.

James O Connell, solicitor for Executrix.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased. Joseph L Kotal Administrator of the estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased, vs. Alonzo Relyea, Matilda Howell, Henry M. Howell, James Cruse, Phillip Cruse, Augustus D. Petty, Elisabeth D. Inman, B. H. Inman and Lewis H. Davis, as Trustee.

(ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE TO PAY DEBTS).

By virtue of the decretal order of said Probate Court, made and entered in the above entitled cause, on the fifth (5th) day of October, A. D. 1892, on the petition of said Administrator for leave to sell the real estate of said decedent to pay the debts of said estate, I will, on Monday, the 31st day of October, A. D. 1892, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which was of the said Lucinda Relyea, deceased, at the time of her death, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: Lot Seven (7) in Block Two (2) of Samuel B. Loose's Subdivision of the South half (S ½) of the North half (N ½) of the West half (W ½) of the Southwest quarter (S W ¼) of Section Nine (9) Township Thirty-eight (38), North, Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) principal meridian, situate in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois; said real estate is improved by a frame cottage, and will be sold subject to the dower and homestead rights of Alonzo Relyea. No deed will be delivered until said sale has been reported to and approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Oct. 6, 1892.

JOSEPH L KOTAL,

Administrator of the estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased.

David Sullivan, Petitioner's Solicitor.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

GO ON LINE.

MAIL STEAMERS.

Alaska, Arizona, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Nevada.

EVERY SATURDAY BETWEEN

NEW YORK, QUEENSTOWN, LIVERPOOL.

Through Passage Tickets at Low Rates. Drafts on Dublin.

Cramer & Co.

GENERAL WESTERN AGENTS,

60 S. Clark St., Sherman House,

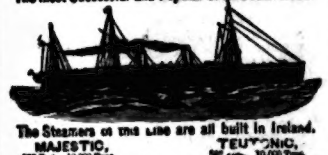
CHICAGO, ILL.

When Going to Europe, Or Sending for Your Friends,

BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.



The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, 10,000 Tons. TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons.

GERMANIC, ADRIATIC,

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, German and Scandinavian ports. The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates. For rates of passage and further information apply to an White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

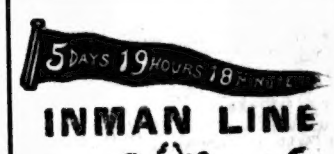
J. MAITLAND KERSEY, Gen'l Agent,

29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

N. ANDERSON, Gen. Western Agent,

54 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.



INMAN LINE

UNITED STATES AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS. ESTABLISHED 1850.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN

The largest, fastest and most magnificent steamers in the world.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German & Scandinavian Ports. Local Agents in all the principal towns in U. S. Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, Gen'l Western Agent, 99 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Estate of John Gahan, deceased. James Wallace, Administrator of the estate of John Gahan deceased, vs. Winifred Gahan, Michael Gahan, Thomas Gahan and John Gahan, and Peter Gahan, James Gahan, William Gahan, Mary Gahan and Margaret Gahan, minors

(ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.)

By virtue of the decretal order of said Probate Court, made and entered in the above entitled cause on the Eighth (8th) day of September, A. D. 1892, on the petition of said Administrator for leave to sell the real estate of said decedent to pay the debts of said estate, I will, on Tuesday, the Eleventh (11th) day of October, A D. 1892, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which was of John Gahan, deceased, at the time of his death in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots numbered Eighteen (18) and Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) in the Subdivision by the Provident Homestead Association of the North half (N. ½) of the Northwest quarter (N.W. ¼) of the Southwest quarter (S.W. ¼) of Section Nine (9) Township Thirty-Eight (38) North, Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian, situate in the County of Cook and State of Illinois; said Lot Eighteen (18) is improved by a frame dwelling house; said Lot Nineteen (19) is vacant. All of said real estate will be sold subject to the Dower and Homestead rights of widow of deceased. No deed will be delivered until said sale has been reported to, and approved by, said Probate Court

Dated Chicago, Sept. 10, 1892.

JAMES WALLACE,

Administrator of the Estate of John Gahan, deceased.

David Sullivan, Petitioner's Solicitor.

When sending for your friends

Bear This Fact In Mind, That

THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD LINE

Fast Express Mail Steamers

Established 1840,

has a whole fleet of floating palaces: "Etruria," "Umbria," "Aurania" and "Servia;" sailing every Saturday from Liverpool and New York, and during the busy season fortnightly extras; also weekly sailings via Boston, making the

Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Service in the World.

Its character, record and general reputation for SPEED, COMFORT and SAFETY (having never lost a passenger in the 52 years of its existence) requires no comment.

Rates as low as by any First-Class Passenger Line. Our Magnificent Mail Steamers are not expected to compete in rates with ships carrying cattle over and passengers returning.

Agents Wanted.

F. G. WHITING, Manager Western Dept., 121 Randolph Street, Chicago.

COOKE Brewing Co.,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Bohrau Beer.

TELEPHONE 8298.

CONRAD SEIPP BREWING CO.,

FOOT OF 27th STREET.

TELEPHONE 8350.

Chicago, Ill.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.

PILSENER BEER.

McAVOY BREWING COMPANY

2349 SOUTH PARK AVENUE.

Pure Lager Beer. Fine Bottled Export.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.

ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice Pres.

H. T. BELLAMY, Sec. and Treas.

TELEPHONE 8257.

KEELEY Brewing Co.

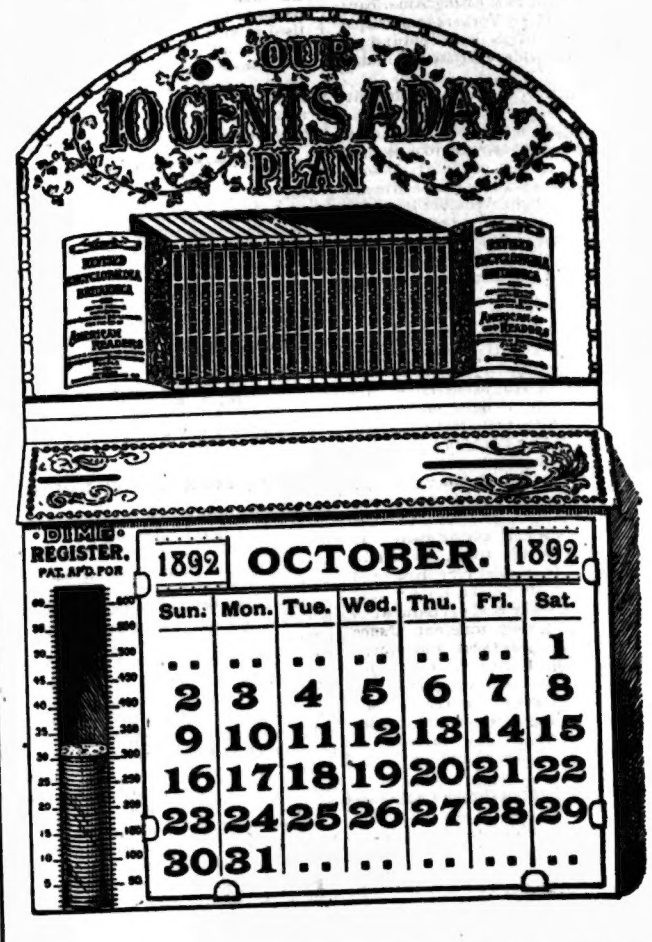
MALTSTERS AND LAGER BEER Brewers,

28th St., and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO.

Teach Your Children Economy for That Noblest of all Purposes,

ECONOMY FOR THE SAKE OF AN EDUCATION.


OUR
10 CENTS A DAY
PLAN
DIME REGISTER. PAT. APD. FOR
1892 OCTOBER. 1892
Sun. Mon. Tue. Wed. Thu. Fri. Sat.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
9 10 11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19 20 21 22
23 24 25 26 27 28 29
30 31

Charles Dudley Warner once said: The time would come when some inventive genius would enable us to put a dime in the slot and take out a complete education. This is the Invention.

Abraham Lincoln, the martyred Presidents, when about to leave his old home after he had attained the highest honors that a great nation could bestow upon him, closed an address with these words:

"Neighbors, give your boys a chance." These are days of action and exacting competition, days when moral courage and brain power count, days wherein there can be only a survival of the men who are mentally and physically the fittest.

Fathers qualify your boys for the battle they must wage in the world's great arena, whether their lot be cast in the professions or in the no less honorable field of artisanship and honest toil. Favored though they justly are in the family circle, the day must come when in the inexorable law of fate their chairs will be empty by your fireside and they will be out struggling alone in the world with only their merit to aid them.

You, mothers, know the pride you have in your sons. You know that deep down in your hearts there is a well of tenderness and of love for even the erring one. You know, as all the world does, that his success is heaven to you and his failure a heartache keener than even his own. What, then, should you do? In the words of Lincoln, "Give your boy a chance."

Give him an education that will fit him to cope with the best. Teach him to love his home, and teach him that in it he will find civilizing and educational influences. If he has been to college don't let his education stop there. If he has not enjoyed the advantages of a good education encourage him now. He may be smart naturally, but if he has nothing but his natural talents to help him there will surely come a time, just as he is mounting highest, when his lack of education will handicap him.

The time to remedy this is the present. In the "Revised Encyclopaedia Britannica," now offered by us, you will have a library fully the equal of any in the land. It is a digest of art, science, literature, history and invention, an epitome of all that is good and lasting, a moral drawn from the works of men and nations.

It is now for the first time placed within your reach.

THE TRIFLING SUM OF TEN CENTS A DAY FOR A SHORT PERIOD SECURES IT.

READ OUR REMARKABLE PROPOSITION.

On receipt of only One Dollar we will forward to you, charges prepaid, the entire set of 20 volumes, the remaining $9 00 to be paid at the rate of 10 cents a day (to be remitted monthly). A beautiful dime savings bank will be sent with the books, in which the dime may be deposited each day. This edition is printed from new, large type on a fine quality of paper, and is strongly bound in heavy manilla paper covers, which with proper care will last a lifetime. Bear in mind that the entire 20 volumes are delivered to your address, with all charges paid to any part of the United States, Mexico and Canada.

This is a special offer made to the readers of THE CITIZEN, and will remain open for a limited time only.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO THE CITIZEN.

THE CITIZEN:

Please deliver to me the entire set of 20 volumes of Revised Encyclopaedia Britannica, as above described, together with your Dime Savings Bank, for which I enclose One Dollar, and further agree to remit 10 cents a day (remitting the same monthly) until the remaining $9.00 is fully paid.

Name.....

Postoffice.....

County.....

State.....

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days. Never returns. No purge. No salve. No suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 2290, New York City, N. Y.

THE

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

RUN

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland and Duluth.

Through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room and Tourist Sleepers via the Northern Pacific Railroad between Chicago and Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash.

Convenient trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from Waukesha, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Hurley, Wis., and Ironwood and Bessemer, Mich.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.

S. R. ADDLER, General Manager, Chicago.
J. M. HANNAFORD, General Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn.
H. C. BARLOW, Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.
JAS. C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

NO CURE. NO PAY.

DR. KEAN,

The Eminent Special Physician.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

169 S. Clark St., Chicago.

Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company.

MILWAUKEE

REPRESENTED BY

EDWARD G. UIHLEIN

Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago.